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PSYCHE: FIRST AND LAST.

AMONG men he was known as Doddridge Foster. But the name was not, as might be imagined, significant. Philip Doddridge and the author of the 'Essays' had no antitype in their name-bearer. In no respect could it be said of him, with propriety, that he was the descendant of either of these good men. The name did not in the least degree correspond with his own peculiar individuality. It could never convey to the reader any impression in regard to him who bore it.

If I said that Foster was a great nerve, with an enormous brain-attachment, which was continually irradiated by the ceaseless swinging of a soul-censer, I might, perhaps, without doing the reader injustice, leave him to his own imagination for the filling out of the picture; for it can little affect our present purpose that, as a human body, he should more prominently appear. And yet, such a reckless waste of material for portrait-painting! it is not to be thought of. For, in the wanderings of a life-time, could one hope to meet twice with such a combination?

Nature does not make and distribute at random eyes like those which appeared in his head—glassy, large, protuberant, hungry for knowledge, restless, impatient, ever-seeking, ever-searching, ever-diving toward the unfathomable depths of mystery; ever projecting themselves, apparently of their own irresistible power, forth in a determined investigation of what, to other men, to the great mass of men, was the unknown, and the unseen, and the impossible!

Nothing on earth could daunt the glancing of that eye. You might look for such in the man to whom Justice has explained her decrees on the scaffold; and, indeed, an inward correspondence might be said to exist between such pupil of Justice and this man, who, day by day and hour by hour, was learning her decrees and penalties.

In the wanderings of a life-time, also, one would not be likely to see twice a head like Foster's placed upon such shoulders. The feminine softness and smooth arrangement of the black, shining hair, the roundness of the face, were in strange contrast to the massive jaw, the prodigious breadth of the projecting forehead; for these, and the grand sweep of the heavy eyebrow, gave one an idea of Herculean strength.

VOL. XLV.

15

You said, This has been some great power of the deep; it has never been developed in the sun-light, neither in the shades of earth could it have grown into its present state. Eyes open and observant can discern strange things in human shape. Not only are there goodly trees and radiant flowers in the garden of the world; the desert has its skeletons, the forest its ravening wolves, and in quiet, shady places fungus is abundant.

Of this man you likewise said, How wonderful he is in his present state of transformation! For in a state of transformation did he seem to be. You could not suppose that the present was the last development of this human shape; that this intellectual crown, appended to so slight and girl-like a columnar nerve as his body, would not, even in its mortal condition, become more harmonious, more in unity with itself.

This bodily shape was more than commonly significant. We all know that not a being walks our earth who is not the visible, tangible exponent of some spiritual truth. He is its advocate and exemplification in either of two ways. It is the Gospel intrusted to his keeping, and he proclaims its value; it is in no way possible for him to avoid doing so. Consciously, or otherwise, his exposition may be rendered; that is not the point either with him or the world. Consciously or unconsciously, that exposition must be rendered. As to Doddridge Foster, he was like leaven among the multitude. As a presence, he was seen, and never forgotten; as a thought, he was felt, and his influence was abiding.

It was in a Round Tower by the sea-side that he lived; separated, not only by the massive walls of his abode, but by miles of space, from his fellow-men. Far along that bleak wild coast you might walk, in either direction, and meet no 'living soul.' Around him were wastes of sand and barren rocks; before him and above him, infinity — the ocean and heaven. A deal of significance attached to the fact that any man should choose it for an abiding-place. None to whom Foster was known could regard the choice inappropriate on his part. With the homes that beggared poets dream of — for which the lovers of Letitia Landon sigh — what had he to do? A pathless wilderness, a trackless desert, he would have chosen instead for his Paradise.

This tower had been built at least a century when Foster became its occupant. It was a monument; yet not in the way that its builder dreamed it might be. With a zeal that was certainly not in accordance with knowledge, he had done his work, believing, and not alone in his belief, that the broad bay would prove a splendid harbor; that vessels might with perfect safety make a port of that point on the beach.

There were some who shared his confidence — how unwisely, a fearful disaster proved.

The tower, therefore, remained as this projector's monument; for no vessel, save the ill-fated one whose destruction at noon-day sent a shudder and a wail through the land, whose wreck lies even to this day in the place where it was stranded on the beach; no vessel, with its freight of passengers and merchandise, ever attempted to come into harbor there. No greeting of joy was ever heard upon that beach, no word of fare well was exchanged there.

In this tower Doddridge Foster lived. And the light that was kept burning, night after night, year after year, in the top-most room, flashed, and glowed, and shone, and was seen afar — a warning, if not a beacon, that could not be hid. The ships sailing over the great deep beheld it, and went on their way in safety. Inland, also, it was seen of many; and to some of these it was verily as a light of heaven, trimmed and fed by no mortal hand. As a star they regarded it; as one among a multitude of distant worlds; and doubtless — for faith even to this day is mighty on the earth — some dreaming souls went so far as to locate heaven there, in that imagined planet!

Foster lived alone in his study. Books, multitudes of books, heaps upon heaps — the thought of every kindred, and people, and tongue — filled that presence-chamber, crowding upon his solitude; and all were as his servants. Their oath of allegiance he demanded, and it was given. For years that room had been the world to him. There the children of his brain had birth; there they grew up to maturity — a mighty family of giant growth; from thence many of them had found their way into the outer world, and in one manner and another made known their parentage; so that the name of their father, of him who lived like a solitary prisoner in the Round Tower on the bleak sea-beach, was known far and wide through the earth.

From time to time, a report to this effect had been swept mysteriously, as by the breath of heaven on the voice of the waves, into his room, encouraging and strengthening him for labor; and now at last he had proved the truth of it. His tour through the country had been somewhat after the manner of a conqueror's march. With his own eyes and ears he had learned what manner of ovation the intelligence of the people desired to render unto him. And, for a season, he was like a magician surrounded by the enchantments of his art.

When he went back into his solitude, his courage was renewed; a new and fixed purpose was wedded to that courage. There was a mystery of mysteries which he designed to solve. 'Here, too, was an immense thought!' Wonderful monopolist! what would he do with it?

Hitherto Foster had mastered every impediment and difficulty that ventured to present itself before him. These had mistaken the man when they proposed their opposition, and, as if aware of their mistake, had slunk and faded away from before him like wraiths in a dream.

Remorselessly, or rather with Titanic impetus and impulse, had he rent asunder bonds of obligation, and trodden under foot the mandates of necessity. Had been, indeed, in all things, a law unto himself; obeying his own behests; resolutely subjecting all that was opposing in his human nature; rejoicing in his freedom, and appointing his own responsibilities. Science had engrossed him. He had held himself to be beyond the reach of temptation, because he contemplated with contempt all the rocks of offence against which weaker men stumbled; because the gaudy sins, which do so easily beset the earlier years of life, had vainly presented their attractions to him. Onward, from first to last, he had gone in his march; no beguilement, no allurements, no delusion, no fancy sufficed to turn him aside from his purpose for a moment.

You would have said he was a man who had known nothing of ordi-

nary individual experiences ; that probably time had not offered to him joy, grief, misfortune, love, enmity, friendship, trials, as to other men. For thought, and thought alone, had left an impression upon him.

In one sense this was the truth. In no real or true manner could he be said to have had an experience of such processes and tests of Providence as are named above, because they came to him and upon him, and did not accomplish their ordinary work. The trials were not trials as with other men. They never produced their legitimate effect. As far as he was concerned, they were merely phenomenal ; things he might reason about, but never intimately know ; words meet for illustration, but of no manner of practical use. Never could the ground of his heart be enriched by them as the hearts of others are ; for he would not have it so.

Foster went back to his tower by the sea-side, after his long travel. Now, at last, for the solution of the mystery of mysteries ; now for the study and the toil, magician !

But he failed to find the anticipated solitude and isolation.

Since the sudden and unaccountable disappearance of the child in his guardianship, the child *Psyche*, whom his friend had intrusted to him, Foster's departures and returns, made at long, rare intervals, had been marked by no leave-takings and no welcomes home. But on this occasion, most unexpectedly, a greeting did await him.

Notwithstanding the storm that had raged all night, and which, in the morning, seemed far from spent, the philosopher set out on foot from the fishing-village ; for no vehicle of any sort could be obtained in that miserable place. From this point the Tower was at least ten miles distant ; yet the journey was performed long before noon-day.

Any one observant of Foster's manner of proceeding on this occasion, watchful of the steady, onward march, which was not, from its beginning till its end, delayed for an instant, would have been enabled, without other aid, to form an idea and an estimate of the workings of his prodigious intellect ; swift, strong, and tireless ; undistracted, undisturbed ; permitting no obstructions in the way to his solution of the ends he proposed to himself ; as deaf to the warnings of mere prudence, as blind to the opposing operations going on either at the right hand or on the left.

The wind had piled the snow about the door of the Tower, and drifted it in at the arch. Foster scarcely observed this as he pushed forward unhesitatingly, and forced the heavy door open before him. There were tiny foot-prints in the snow, but he did not perceive them. He was at home again. This was the reflection that engrossed him. He was within the walls of the old beloved Tower, and the roaring of the waves that lashed the adjacent rocks, was, to his ear, as a recognition and rejoicing chanted by a mighty choir.

During that tour from which he was returned, not a smile had once been visible upon his face. This stern placidity had not escaped the notice of the people among whom he had mingled. They said, What have those features to do with recording the ordinary emotions of vulgar souls ? they have other records to make. Yet a very perceptible

smile rested upon the face of Doddridge Foster, as he climbed the narrow stair-case which wound from the bottom to the top of his Tower.

He had ascended to the last step. The key of the study-door he carried in his hand, and toward the door he went, as a lover would tread, who thought to clasp his betrothed in another moment to his bosom.

Confusion! what could it mean?

She was sitting, a little maiden, before the bolted study-door, evidently waiting for the coming of the lord and master of the place. She looked up at him with the composure of a satisfied anticipation, when he appeared in sight. She must have heard him ascending; she must have heard him close the heavy door of the Tower behind him when he came in.

Before the apparition Foster drew back, startled, in spite of himself. It was very evident that the last thing he had anticipated was intrusion of any sort in his remote and isolated Tower.

After a moment's silent survey, he said, in a voice so commanding that it would have electrified an army, 'Stand up!'

The girl instantly obeyed; and as she stood up, steadily she met and returned his glance. Evidently there was courage equal to his in the being who had thus come in the way of Doddridge Foster.

And again, in spite of himself, the man was startled. He shuddered as he looked upon the intruder. A tender-hearted woman would not have been ashamed to weep before a spectacle of misery so deplorable; a coward would have rushed away out of her sight, declaring that he had seen a 'goblin damned;' a stony heart would have thrust her aside, with an oath, and bidden her 'begone for a monstrous impertinence!'

As to Foster, he shuddered as he gazed silently upon her, and his great eyes seemed to dilate with the gazing.

Deformed in such an extraordinary manner that the great wonder was how she ever managed to move at all, and especially how she had been able to ascend those narrow winding-stairs; her nakedness only half-covered by the rags of clothes she wore; the black hair floating wildly over her shoulders, in tangled, matted masses, as if never a hand had smoothed them; such was the strange object—the hideous monstrosity, he pronounced it—that met Doddridge Foster at his study-door.

'What may this mean?' he demanded.

The girl made no reply, unless one was conveyed in the sudden glancing of her eyes from the questioner to the key which he swung upon his finger.

'Why are you here? who are you?' he asked, contemplating her calmly; for Foster was now himself again—self-possessed, inflexible.

'I am Psyche,' said the maiden, slowly, steadily meeting the gaze of her questioner. The voice was harsh and bold, yet there was in it a tone, not heard but felt, that inspired a torturing longing and a regret; that aroused a ghostly recollection in the mind of Doddridge Foster. Psyche indeed!

For a moment, she who called herself so was subjected to a glance, terrible in its scrutiny, that seemed to discover every secret of her

being ; but then, as if convinced that there was no recognition to be made, and as if consoled and quieted by the conviction, he coolly asked :

‘ Well, and what is that to me ? ’

Ah ! he would not have believed, even though one had risen from the dead.

‘ Psyche,’ she said again, and that was all she said.

Foster smiled ; but it was a smile not after the similitude of the radiance that illuminated his face as he entered the Tower and began to climb the stairs. There was bitterness and mocking in it.

‘ What I want to know is, why are you here ? I comprehend your answer very well. Your name is Psyche, you say. A pretty name enough ; (pity it were not more significant, though !) But what do you want here ? Who sent you ? What have I to do with thee ? ’

She shivered with the cold ; she strove to wrap herself in the rags of clothes she wore ; vain effort ! Wondering, she looked upon him. Was it true that he did not understand her ? All she said was, ‘ Psyche ! ’

The wind rushed wildly up the stair-way. It was a piercing blast ; so keen, and so intensely cold, that Foster also shivered. With deliberation he turned away from the girl, applied the key noiselessly, turned it in the lock, and the door swung open before him.

No sooner had he done so than the creature also advanced, and when Foster crossed the threshold, she quietly followed him.

He observed her, but said nothing ; he apparently was not even annoyed ; a charitable impulse actuated him. She is a lunatic, he mused ; and to expose her to a storm like this would be murderous. But what he designed to do with her was beyond conjecture. As he walked through the room to the fire-place, he seemed intent on one thing only — the kindling of a fire there. Small sticks of wood were lying on the irons, ready for the match. Foster had laid them there with his own hands, on the morning of his departure from home ; thinking, as he did so, of the delight with which he should kindle them when his pilgrimage was over and he returned. The pilgrimage *was* over ; but as to the inward delight anticipated — had he it ?

One match after another he drew across the rough stone-hearth, in vain. A sulphurous smoke was all he got for his pains. It was only with the last match in the box that the fire was kindled.

This done, Foster turned impatiently away, and sitting down in his arm-chair before the writing-desk, he proceeded to examine the papers left there by him when he went away. And the thread of thought that occupied him on the morning of departure was taken up once more. Its tangled condition absorbed him.

Plainly, Psyche was forgotten. Noiselessly, unobserved, she crept up to the fire-place, and knelt down on the hearth, spreading her skeleton-like hands above the feeble blaze that flickered a warning of its intention to go out. With evident anxiety and indecision she watched the flame. Presently she bent down and gave it a vigorous whiff, and instantly there was a roaring in the chimney that stifled the sound of the wind there ; and the fire crackled and glowed, and a grateful heat came out into the room, and filled it.

He had fallen at once into the old attitude, and his face wore the old expression — that of a weary, heavy-laden mortal, unconsciously rejoicing and glorying in the burden and its weariness, because these were his stars of honor, his significant badge, his title to the royal name of thinking, sentient man.

Foster had quite forgotten the guest in his study ; but a thought of her was recalled by the bright glare of the fire-light in the little room, and the sound of the crackling wood and roaring flame ; for usually the fire smouldered on his hearth, making no such commotion in the chimney as this.

The strangeness of her presence there, and of her action, what might it signify ? As he asked himself the question, Foster turned to look upon the creature who called herself by *that* name, who proclaimed her hideous self as the bearer of the dear name once so often heard in that study in the Tower.

She was sitting upon the hearth. Her soiled and wounded feet, pressed close against the iron bars, were apparently as unaffected by the flame, whose red light fell upon them, as if they had been made of stone. Her hands were folded upon her knees ; her bright eyes fixed upon the cloud of smoke and flame that wreathed upward from the wood. Strange sight to see in that place. Foster could hardly credit the vision before him.

The very instant that he turned to look upon her, the creature seemed to be under a magnetic influence. She appeared to be conscious that his mind was searching into the mystery of her being, and of her being *there*. And this, although she was at the moment gazing intently upon the fire, and not on him. She must have felt his glance, she could not see it. It is a well-known fact that the minutest ray of light streaming in at some crevice of a darkened chamber makes itself felt most painfully by the patient, whose bandaged eyes could not by any possibility discern it.

And now once more Foster asked, not unconsciously, but with the evident intention of going deeper into the matter than he had done before :

‘What is your name ?’

‘Psyche,’ she again replied.

Truly there was something remarkable in this steadfast repetition of the name, this unvarying iteration. The momentary suspicion of her sanity had now passed. Foster could not but perceive how the word was uttered, an echo could not have been a more perfect response to his tone and manner. Nothing child-like, either of impatience or of mirth, was there in the answer ; she gave it with a certain confidence of conviction that in this way she would, on the whole, be best understood.

He must go on farther if he would induce her to do so. The intelligence speaking from her face told him that she was not only a sane being, but one who understood all that related to herself, and would reveal it if he only asked wisely.

And he said :

‘You will at least now tell me why you are here. Since you have

come into my tower, you will not refuse to give me your reason for so doing. I do not wish to attribute an impropriety or an impertinence to you. Give me an explanation.'

There was something in Psyche's manner that rebuked the last words as he spoke them. Foster's pity seemed roused.

'I am an orphan. I have no home. If you will not be my father, and let me live here with you, what will become of me? I will not trouble you.'

It was a passionless entreaty, but wonderfully it moved him who listened to it; yet she who made it, though Foster gathered from her gaze that she had all to win, nothing to lose, could not under any circumstances have been more calm.

She waited for his answer, but Foster made none. He seemed to be struck dumb with horror by her words. Though there was something really beautiful in the expression of her wan face, as she mutely gazed upon him after she had spoken, it escaped his notice; he only saw the repulsive object that crouched upon the hearth. Mechanically, but with loathing in his accent, he repeated, 'Father! Home!'

And he sat and looked upon her, until it seemed as if he must have drunk in poison through his eyes, he became so greatly agitated. Finally his lips parted, with a convulsive effort they parted.

'Go!' he said, pointing toward the door.

The girl arose. 'Where shall I go? I told you the truth, and will you cast me off? I have no other home.'

There she stood before him; he must enforce his command or it would not be obeyed. There she stood; as fixed a fact as Doddridge Foster had ever dealt with. He might have thrust her forth with a single motion; and, indeed, for an instant this seemed to be his purpose. But then his humanity interposed; he also arose. He began to pace the room in silence, and now his face, agitated as it was, betrayed no hostile purpose toward her.

As he walked and thought, she was again forgotten; though like a shadow on his mind she lingered, and like a heavy weight upon his brain, he had lost sight of her.

All that night, and until sun-rise, Foster's ceaseless tread up and down the study-chamber might have been heard. He never paused, even for a second. A pendulum could not move with greater exactness and regularity. Just so many steps in so much space. He varied not in a single round. Even this precision was characteristic of Foster; it was always the sign of mental agitation. The greater his intellectual excitement, the calmer, the more placid was the outer man. And to more thorough agitation than shook his whole being this night the philosopher had never been subjected. Strange was the effect produced by those two exquisite words, 'Home;' 'Father.' They reopened a sepulchre long since sealed, and a buried thought had its untimely resurrection.

'Home!' 'Father!' Years ago in that very place, in that isolated abode, that study, where shadows lurked for ever, heavy and solemn even at noon-day, there, years ago, another child, his Psyche, indeed, had used such words as those in reference to himself; the daring, dar-

ling, guileless creature, who had been his heart's child in those distant days, which now for years had been forgotten.

A friend had consigned her to his charge, intrusted her to his guardianship, in the confident hope that he would be to her now more than a protector. She was given him to do with as he would, so confidently did his friend rely upon Foster's judgment and his justice.

The thinker thought of these things now. In what a connection! Ah! this maiden who had come, calling her poor monstrous self by that sweet name, looking to him for safety and protection, was hardly the one to remind of a vision bright as Foster now recalled of the little child — the fairy butterfly he used to call her, and a world of meaning he attached to the name — who was the angelic companion of his youth.

More striking, startling contrast was never presented to man's mind than this between the Psyche, as she called herself, and that lost child over whom he was once the rightful guardian!

A sudden smile over-spread the face of Foster as he thought upon her. 'I remember her,' he said, speaking aloud unconsciously. (If he had but looked on the stranger Psyche as he said it!) 'She was more precious even than I thought. Too like the rest, but I would have made her very different. Her eyes I seem to see looking upon me at this moment as they once looked. What an infinitude of truth was in them! Her every feature was a gospel. How magnificently would I, as her destiny, which I could not have failed to be, how splendidly would I have developed her! The tender, loving heart would have learned to draw out the pure gold from its instinctive tenderness. Its dross should have become so apparent to her young eyes that its renunciation would never have appeared to her a sacrifice, as the young, if called to yield it up, do invariably deem it. And with her quick perceptions and powers of combination, she would inevitably have perceived the laws of the creative faculty; she would have appeared and been recognized as the possessor of highest genius, among those whose sovereign faculty it is to create.'

The smile apparent on his face when he began to speak, vanished as suddenly as it had appeared, and a profound sadness filled its place. Foster drew himself up, as if to escape from the shape which the recollection was now taking. But as it loomed before him, coming up more and more distinctly into sight in all its proportions, he seemed to shrink again within himself. In vain! He could not tower above, he could not shrink away from the remembrance. It held him fast. There was a fascination in it that he could not withstand.

Clearly, distinctly appeared before him the efforts and the days. He saw how the thought (the temptation, but it never occurred to him to deem it a *temptation*) had rooted and flourished within him; the thought whereon he placed the child, establishing her thus upon a level with his own highest self, by which act he was enabled to deal with her according to his will.

Aye, it was clear that he had reason to well remember her, else had not the remembrance so affected him. Well he recollected the effects of his first attempt to unfold, after his own desire, the nature intrusted

to his care. How he expanded her mind with the ideas of freedom, while he fastened upon her tender, fragile form the chains and the yoke of slavery. He remembered the days when in silence he awaited the result; while she, imprisoned by him in a dungeon of utter darkness, was preserved alive by morsels such as he well knew would have had the effect to destroy her but for the associated influence of his mere words, which, at the same time, was brought to bear upon her. He remembered also the high hopes and resolves with which he was exalted when he looked upon this famished, chain-laden child, this 'butterfly of being,' and proceeded to arouse her to an altogether new life, that in its development should prove to the world what is that true life to which mortals are ordained; to whose realities, capacities, and possibilities they are now as dead, universally, because they will not listen to the message of revelation which every breath of wind brings of a necessity it cannot avoid when it has once passed through the branches of that fair tree of knowledge which stands from eternity 'fast by the stream of life.'

He remembered, also — how well did he remember! — that fearful night in which he was fortifying himself for this great work; his reflections in those silent watches as to the manner of his future proceedings in her regard; well did he remember them all.

But it was with these things that his reminiscences in respect to Psyche ended. Here his memory faltered. Thus far had he gone when — when what? He could not answer himself that question.

How long the swoon of that night lasted, Foster never knew; for it was while he thought of the child that a sudden darkness swept before his eyes. It filled the study, and, to all intents, so far as he was concerned, the world. This was all he knew about it, except that when his unassisted reason came again to consciousness, it was night still, or again, and a dismal foreboding, like the shadow of a night-mare, was tormenting him. For this, the day-light, when it came, entirely accounted. Psyche, the child, was gone.

Of the search he made for her all that day, and during many a succeeding day, throughout the tower, up and down the beach; of the hours of watching spent upon the sands, while the tide came in; the anxious and eager inquiry of his glance directed to the heavily-rolling waves, in the hope that they would at length bear inland the burden of her tiny form; of all this Doddridge Foster never spoke to mortal man or woman.

And no one guessed his loss. Although some of the most observing of the people, who had been in the habit of regarding the Tower study-light as a star of heaven, were prone to say at this time, with great anxiety, that there were waverings and palings of the light, which made them greatly fear it was about to disappear from the midst of the celestial constellations! No one called Foster to account for the disappearance of his charge. But, within him, was there no arraignment, no conviction? Why ask?

Rather, why *not* ask? *Is it of those secrets revealed only in 'the abodes where the eternal are?'* Doth not the SPIRIT bear witness with our spirit in a manner that gives revelation of the secret of the heart

even here? The deed done in the body, in the body proclaims itself, yes, verily, to such manner of eyes as in darkened chambers, with wraps and bandages shading those poor orbs, can yet detect the feeble ray that darts in through a crevice so minute that 'the spider's most attenuated thread' could not be drawn through it.

Most singularly now, as he recalled all this experience of his earlier years, was Foster affected by it. Point by point, stage by stage, feeling by feeling, he lived it over; as a whole he regarded it, and as a whole he wondered over it. And this was its and his conclusion; the event of her disappearance could not affect him now as it had done; not in the same way, if in any way.

It had been Foster's mental habit to regard his experiments with *Psyche* as a failure; now he beheld them in another light. Failure! how could he ever have conceded it?

The termination was not such as he had anticipated, most true; yet, now that he understood it as it really was, must he not acknowledge that the result was precisely that at which he had aimed? More mightily than he suspected, he had worked. It was the very result he had sought, only accomplished in a larger compass, sweep, degree, than he had hoped for or dreamed of. He had struck to a deeper depth of truth than he had dared to believe, or even suspect.

Thinking this, Foster stopped in his walk, and looked on the strange creature who also called herself *Psyche*. He looked with the eyes of morning, and through the light of morning, also, for day-light was in the room. What should he do with her? Evidently he was asking of himself this question.

No harshness of scrutiny was now visible in the glance. His voice was milder than it had been heretofore when he addressed her. Patiently through all those hours she had waited till he should pass sentence upon her; and now she seemed to know that her hour was come. But even now that the conviction affected her in any way was not to be gathered from her attitude or glance.

'If you remain here what will follow?' asked he.

'I shall not starve, nor die of cold. I shall have a father and a home,' she replied.

Again Foster smiled. It was such a smile as his face had not worn for years; more genial, less suggestive of disagreeable consequences, less like a thread of fire darting amid black thunder-clouds.

'What will *my* gain be?' he asked.

'*Psyche*,' she replied.

'Remain,' said Foster; 'but if you trouble me ——' he did not finish the answer even by a significant glance. He turned away from her, and again sat down before his desk. To the unravelling of the thought? To the solution of the mystery? O magician! With a faint cry of joy the maiden fell down before him. But she said not a word. Both the motion and the after-silence were understood and appreciated by Foster. She was wisdom itself, this *Psyche*! And had it not been evermore wisdom, not beauty, as dissociated from that, which he sought?

They would get on well together. Doubtless. And he was glad

that he had not driven her from his tower, in the first inhospitable impulse of his surprise.

For three days, the storm, which had accompanied Foster on his return home, raged along that coast as it had never done before. It was terrific. The mighty waves swept inland, and dashed up against the tower, and over it they dashed; yet the walls shook not before the furious intent for its destruction thus manifested. Upon the beach they broke, depositing there a most significant burden of shattered timbers and spars, ropes, and fragments of sail-cloth; these things told their own story of ship-wreck, ruin, and probable death.

In those days the heavens were shrouded; the sun never for a moment looked upon earth, neither in his rising, nor in his setting, nor at noon-day. Floods of rain and clouds of snow alternately descended; and continually Euroclydon was proclaiming himself the mighty invisible storm-wind. But through all this convulsion, the light in the study of the tower burned brightly, and they who were wont to watch its shining in the East, said joyfully to one another, 'Behold it! behold it! No burning star, no meteor ever gave light like this. It is eternal, like its maker; it is a heavenly beacon indeed!'

And Doddridge Foster, in that study, during those three days, did work a work which no man then regarded, but which was to perish never from the records that are made on earth and in heaven. Every mental faculty which he possessed was in concentrated operation. He was bringing all to bear mightily on one object, one design — that only accomplished! but he was not looking beyond that time. O magician! thou, indeed, wast working mightily!

Psyche, the deformity, sat beside him, and called him 'father,' and he never rebuked her. When she spoke he made answer; when she was silent, he led her into speech again. This all might have been easily misconstrued; might have been attributed to a kind impulse operating even during the preoccupation of mind: but he called her 'my child!' he smiled upon her! Those were tokens of favor that could not be mistaken. What! the filthy person arrayed in the tattered garments, the monstrous presentment that saluted him on his return from the tower! 'Child?' smiling upon her? Ah! but a change had been wrought; the loathsome evidences of neglect and wretchedness were removed; Foster had covered her nakedness with some of his own garments; and upon her breast she wore a dazzling ornament of gems and precious metal, which in former times the little lost child used to wear. The tangled, matted hair was brought to order; the Psyche drank from Foster's cup, she ate from his dish; she was verily as his child. But the deformity was not removed; a slight outer change was all that the guardian had effected. Alas! how slight it was!

During those momentous days after he had formed his resolution, the cruel deformity of the maiden had much troubled him. He examined books that treated learnedly on such cases, he reflected, he speculated profoundly, and then he planned a great experiment.

But days went on, and the actual deed in her behalf was not done. Foster was content to have her by his side, to listen to her words, those strange words, so new, so hitherto unutterable, as it seemed to him.

He resumed his wonted labors, and soon was absorbed in them. What a help-mate had he here ! How subtly Psyche comprehended all he would fain do ; how fully and freely she entered into those labors ! Her presence communicated a new energy and vigor to his arguments, and enlarged the scope and spirit of his speculations ; for she seemed to behold truth with a clearer eye, and to grasp it with a firmer hand than he.

It was wonderful. He had looked for ignorance which he was to enlighten — for weakness that he might strengthen ; but he found he had no need. If in any respect he was the teacher, in a much deeper, in a far-reaching sense, was he the taught. He cheated himself with an emotion of pity, and no sooner had he done this than the pity was lost in a passionate admiration. Falsehood ? Deformity ? She was the princess of truth ! She was a queen of beauty ! She was all loveliness to him, and he loved her as he had never loved the lovelier child. No gay and fluttering butterfly she ; but a royal eagle, with the unblenching eye that could gaze upon the noon-day sun, and with the voice of the nightingale. She became the spring of all his mental action. Well might he give to her the name she claimed ; well might he call her his Psyche !

He was her amanuensis ; nothing higher, nothing better. Oh ! marvellous three days ; what wondrous things ye wrought !

Never dreaming, teacher, sage, illuminator, prophet, that he in turn was become a slave, a beggar ; and that the last Psyche with whom he had to do was working vengeance on him. Never dreaming that his little lost one had come back in this hideous shape to tyrannize over her old master ; never suspecting that the empire of the tower, and its sovereignty, were no longer in his hands, but in hers ! Marvellous magician ! daring Prometheus ! the chains are upon thee ; a vulture is destroying thee, and thou knowest it not !

Never dreaming that an angel of judgment, writing a record against his name, added this as the sum of the testimony :

'Better were it for that man had he never been born ;' because, for all the ages of eternity, his Psyche was undone ! His soul delivered over to the torments of its choice — to the bewildering enigma which he should never, never solve !

G. C.

LOST ! LOST !

Lost ! lost ! a heart as true
As ever throbbed on earth.
'T is gone — and each departing hour
Teaches anew its worth.
Lost ! lost ! a love as pure
As ever came from heaven.
I threw the gem unheeded by,
Nor prized it when 't was given.
Lost ! lost ! all truth, all peace,
All strength on which to lean,
When storms assail, and tempests lower
Across life's wintry scene.
O heart ! as true, as fond
As human heart could be !
O love ! so wondrous in its power
And broad infinity !

Philadelphia, Dec. 11, 1854.

O Faith ! through whose clear eye
I raised my own to God !
O arm of human strength ! to guide
O'er life's uncertain road !
Ye *all* are gone, and stormy clouds
Gather above my head,
Until I scarce can raise my eyes
From graves around me spread ;
Where perished joys lie still and cold,
By early blightings crossed ;
Where the wind howls, through leafless trees,
The heart's dirge, Lost ! all lost !
Lost, lost to me through *time* ;
But, weary, tempest-tost,
I see a haven far beyond,
Whose hope is *never* lost.

FANNIE B. WALTON.

THE FOREST WALK.

I.

THE autumn woods were all a-glow,
As down a mossy path I strayed ;
A gentle form was at my side,
A fair white arm on mine was laid.

II.

A perfumed haze filled all the air,
And priest-like seemed the solemn trees,
Waving their boughs, like out-stretched arms,
And spreading incense on the breeze.

III.

The gentle breeze moved through the wood,
And shook sweet music softly round :
And faint upon our charmed ears
Fell the young brooklet's tinkling sound.

IV.

Upon this brooklet's grassy bank,
Where fringed gentians bent and smiled,
We paused, and talked in those low tones
The stillness from our lips beguiled.

V.

We talked of days and years gone by ;
What friends had said, what some had done ;
And then our voices grew more low,
And softly spoke of dear ones gone.

VI.

Her voice was still, as stopped by tears,
And silence filled the forest gay,
Save when the brooklet's limpid stream
Broke o'er the pebbles on its way :

VII.

Save when the many-colored leaves
Were rustled by the sighing breeze,
And low-toned whispers seemed to sound
Deep in among the columned trees.

VIII.

said, 'I would my autumn days
Would turn my life-long deeds to gold ;
That, like the sun, some well-known face
Would brighten mine when I am old.

IX.

That like this lightly-moving breeze,
Soft hands would wander o'er my brow ;
And sweet-eyed faces smile in mine,
As these wild-flowers are smiling now.'

X.

I saw her turn her head away,
I saw the red flush on her face;
I took her trembling hand in mine,
And turned toward me her tearful gaze.

XI.

'And shall yours be that well-known face?'
I said, while joy leaped in my breast:
'What autumn-days shall rival ours?'
Her head was leaning on that breast.

XII.

O autumn-leaves! that burned and glowed;
O brooklet! singing on your way,
O fringed gentian! decked with smiles,
How I recall that autumn day!

T O W N A N D R U R A L H U M B U G S .

WHEN Philip, King of Macedon, had made preparations to march against the Corinthians, the latter, though utterly incapable of coping with that sagacious and powerful monarch, affected to make great efforts at defence with a view to resist him. Diogenes, who took great delight in ridiculing such follies as he was too proud to indulge in himself, or did not happen to have a taste for, began to roll about his tub in a bustling and excited manner, thus deriding the idle hurry and silly show of opposition by which the feeble Corinthians were trying to deceive themselves or Philip into a belief that he had something to fear from them.

It is a wonder to a certain Yankee Diogenes, that there are not more tubs rolled about now-a-days; for the world, in his estimation, never contained more bustling, shadow-pursuing Corinthians, than at the present time.

A Concord philosopher, or modern Diogenes, who has an eye of acute penetration in looking out upon the world, discovered so much aimless and foolish bustle, such a disproportion of shams to realities, that his inclination or self-respect would not permit him to participate in them; so he built himself in the woods, on the banks of a pond of pure water — deep enough for drowning purposes if the bean-crop failed — a tub of unambitious proportions, into which he crawled. In this retreat, where he supported animal and intellectual life for more than two years, at a cost of about thirteen (!) dollars per annum, he wrote a book full of interest, containing the most pithy, sharp, and original remarks.

It is a fortunate circumstance for Mr. Thoreau, the name of this eccentric person, that his low estimate of the value of the objects, compared with their cost, for which the world is so assiduously and pain-

fully laboring, should have received, so soon after the publication of his book, such an important, substantial, and practical confirmation in the auto-biography of Barnum. If any thing is calculated to induce a man to see how few beans will support animal life, we think it is a contemplation of the life and career of the great show-man. If there is any thing calculated to reconcile us, not to the career of Barnum, but to whatever laborious drudgery may be necessary to procure good beef-steaks and oysters, with their necessary accompaniments, it is the thought of those inevitable beans, that constituted so large a part of the *crop* of Mr. Thoreau, and that extraordinary compound of corn-meal and water, which he facetiously called bread.

Beyond all question, the two most remarkable books that have been published the last year are the 'Auto-biography of Barnum,' and 'Life in the Woods,' by Thoreau. The authors of the two books, in tastes, habits, disposition, and culture are perfect antipodes to each other; and the lessons they inculcate are consequently diametrically opposite. If ever a book required an antidote, it is the auto-biography of Barnum, and we know of no other so well calculated to furnish this antidote as the book of Thoreau's.

If any of the readers of the *KNICKERBOCKER* have so long denied themselves the pleasure of reading 'Walden, or Life in the Woods,' we will give them a slight account of the book and its author; but we presume the information will be necessary to only very few. Mr. Thoreau is a graduate of Harvard University. He is a bold and original thinker; 'he reads much, is a great observer, and looks quite through the deeds of men.' 'Beware,' says Emerson, 'when the great God lets loose a thinker on this planet. Then all things are at risk.' Are thinkers so rare that all the moral, social, and political elements of society may be disturbed by the advent of one? The sale Barnum's book has already met with is not, to be sure, suggestive of an overwhelming number of thinkers in the country. Thinkers always have been considered dangerous. Even Cæsar, if he could have feared any thing, would have been afraid of that lean Cassius, because

'He thinks too much: such men are dangerous.'

And why are thinkers dangerous? Because the world is full of 'time-honored and venerable' shams, which the words of thinkers are apt to endanger.

After leaving college, Mr. Thoreau doffed the harness which society enjoins that all its members shall wear, in order for them 'to get along well,' but it galled and chafed in so many places that he threw it off, and took to the woods in Concord. He built a hut there, a mile from any neighbors, that cost him twenty-eight dollars, twelve and a-half cents, and lived there more than two years — eight months of the time at an expense of nearly nine shillings a-month. Before adopting this mode of life, he first tried school-keeping, reporting for a newspaper, and then trading for a livelihood; but after a short trial at each, became persuaded that it was impossible for his genius to lie in either of those channels.

After hesitating for some time as to the advisability of seeking a

living by picking huckle-berries, he at last concluded that 'the occupation of a day-laborer was the most independent of any, as it required only thirty or forty days in a year to support one. The laborer's day ends with the going down of the sun, and he is then free to devote himself to his chosen pursuit, independent of his labor; but his employer, who speculates from month to month, has no respite from one end of the year to the other. In short, I am convinced, both by faith and experience, that to maintain one's self on this earth, is not a hardship, but a pastime, if we will live simply and wisely, as the pursuits of the simpler nations are still the sports of the more artificial. It is not necessary that a man should earn his living by the sweat of his brow, unless he sweats easier than I do.'

The establishment in the woods, kept up by the extravagant expenditures we have mentioned before, was the result of these reflections.

If there is any reader of the KNICKERBOCKER — native-born and a Know-Nothing — who needs to be told who P. T. BARNUM is, such a person might, without doubt, 'hear something to his advantage,' by inquiring out and presenting himself before that illustrious individual; for the great show-man has made a good deal of money by exhibiting less extraordinary animals than such a man would be.

It was pretty well understood by physiologists, before the recent experiment of Mr. Thoreau, how little farinaceous food would suffice for the human stomach; and Chatham-street clothiers have a tolerably accurate knowledge of how little poor and cheap raiment will suffice to cover the back, so that his 'life in the woods' adds but little to the stock of information scientific men already possessed. But it was not clearly known to what extent the public was gullible until the auto-biography of Barnum fully demonstrated the fact. This renowned individual has shown to a dignified and appreciative public the vulgar machinery used to humbug them, and they (the public) are convulsed with laughter and delight at the exposition. 'Cuteness is held in such great esteem that the fact of being egregiously cajoled and fooled out of our money is lost sight of in admiration for the shrewdness of the man who can do it. And then there is such an idolatrous worship of the almighty dollar, that the man who accumulates 'a pile' is pretty sure to have the laugh on his side. 'Let him laugh who wins,' says Barnum, and the whole country says amen. It is very evident that shams sometimes 'pay better' pecuniarily than realities, but we doubt if they do in all respects. Although Thoreau 'realized' from his bean-crop one season — a summer's labor — but eight dollars seventy-one and a-half cents, yet it is painful to think what Barnum must have 'realized' from 'Joice Heth' and the 'Woolly Horse.'

If we were obliged to choose between being shut up in 'conventionalism's air-tight stove,' (even if the said stove had all the surroundings of elegance and comforts that wealth could buy,) and a twenty-eight dollar tub in the woods, with a boundless range of freedom in the daily *walks* of life, we should not hesitate a moment in taking the tub, if it were not for a recollection of those horrid beans, and that melancholy mixture of meal and water. Aye, there's the rub; for from that vegetable diet what dreams might come, when we had shuffled off the wherewith

to purchase other food, must give us pause. There's the consideration that makes the sorry conventionalisms of society of so long life. We rather bear those ills we have, than fly to others that we know not of. A very reasonable dread of something unpleasant resulting to us from eating beans in great quantities, would be likely to be a consequence of our experience alone, if we happened to be deficient in physiological knowledge. Whatever effects, however, different kinds of diet may have upon different persons, mentally or physically, nothing is more clear than the fact that the diet of Mr. Thoreau did not make him mentally windy. We think, however, between Iranistan, with Joice Heth and the Mermaid for associates, and the tub at Walden, with only Shakespeare for a companion, few probably would be long puzzled in making a choice, though we are constrained to say that the great majority would undoubtedly be on the side of the natural phenomena — we mean on the side of Barnum and the other mentioned curiosities. Still, in contemplating a good many of the situations in which Barnum was placed, it is impossible to conceive that any person of a comparatively sensitive nature would not gladly have exchanged places with the man of the woods. (We refer of course to the author of 'Walden,' and not to the animal known as 'the man of the woods.' Some perhaps would not have taken pains to make this explanation.)

There is a good deal more virtue in beans than we supposed there was, if they are sufficient to sustain a man in such cheerful spirits as Thoreau appears to have been in when he wrote that book. The spirit oftentimes may be strong when the flesh is weak; but there does not appear to be any evidence of weakness of the flesh in the author of 'Walden.' We cannot help feeling admiration for the man

‘THAT fortune's buffets and rewards
Hast ta'en with equal thanks:’

and since Sylla so coolly massacred so many Roman citizens, there has not been a man who apparently has contemplated his fellow-men with a more cheerful, lofty, and philosophical scorn than the occupant of this Walden tub. If a man can do this upon beans, or in *spite* of them, we shall endeavor to cultivate a respect for that vegetable, which we never could endure.

It was a philosopher, as ancient as Aristotle, we believe, who affirmed that 'they most resemble the gods whose wants were fewest.' Whether the sentiment is a true one or not, we have no hesitation in saying that the gods we worship will bear a good deal more resemblance to H. D. Thoreau than to P. T. Barnum. We believe it requires a much higher order of intellect to live alone in the woods, than to dance attendance in the museum of a great metropolis upon dead hyenas and boa constrictors, living monkeys and rattle-snakes, giants and dwarfs, artificial mermaids, and natural zanies. There is, however, a good deal of society worse than this.

Of the many good things said by Colton, one of the best, we think, is the following:

‘Expense of thought is the rarest prodigality, and to dare to live alone the rarest courage; since there are many who had rather meet their

bitterest enemy in the field, than their own hearts in their closet. He that has no resources of mind is more to be pitied than he who is in want of necessities for the body ; and to be obliged to beg our daily happiness from others, bespeaks a more lamentable poverty than that of him who begs his daily bread.'

We do not believe there is any danger of proselytes to Mr. Thoreau's mode of life becoming too numerous. We wish we could say the same in regard to Barnum's. We ask the reader to look around among his acquaintances, and see if the number of those whose resources of mind are sufficient to enable them to dispense with much intercourse with others, is not exceedingly small. We know of some such, though they are very few ; but their fondness for solitude unfortunately is not associated with any particular admiration for a vegetable diet. It is a melancholy circumstance, and one that has been very bitterly deplored, ever since that indefinite period when 'the memory of man runneth not to the contrary,' that the accompaniments of poverty should go hand-in-hand with a taste for a solitary life. A hearty appreciation of and love for humble fare, plain clothes, and poor surroundings generally, are what men of genius need to cultivate. 'Walden' tends to encourage this cultivation.

The part of Mr. Barnum's life, during which he has become a millionaire, has been spent almost wholly in a crowd. It would be no paradox to say that if the time he has spent as a show-man had been spent in the woods, neither the brilliancy of his imagination nor the vigor and originality of his thoughts would have enabled him to have produced a book that would have created any very great excitement, notwithstanding the extraordinary attributes of that intellect which could conceive the idea of combining nature and art to produce 'natural curiosities,' and which was shrewd enough to contrive ways and means for drawing quarters and shillings, and for the smallest value received, indiscriminately from residents in the Fifth Avenue and the Five-Points, from the statesman and 'the Bowery-boy,' from savans, theologians, lawyers, doctors, merchants, and 'the rest of mankind,' to say nothing about Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, and a large portion of the Eastern continent beside.

Unlike as Barnum and Thoreau are in most every other respect, in one point there is a striking resemblance. Both of them had no idea of laboring very hard with their hands for a living ; they were determined to support themselves principally by their wits. The genius of Barnum led him to obtain the meat he fed upon by a skillful combination of nature with art—by eking out the short-comings in the animal creation with ingenious and elaborate manufactures, and then adroitly bringing the singular compounds thus formed to bear upon the credulity of the public. And thus, while he taxed the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, either separately or combined, to gratify the curiosity of the public, the most valued products of the last-mentioned kingdom flowed in a large and perpetual stream into his pocket. But his expenditures of 'brass' in these labors were enormous. Thoreau had no talent for 'great combinations.' The meat he fed upon evidently would not be that of extraordinary calves or over-grown buffaloes, baked in the

paragon cooking-stove of public curiosity ; or rather, as he ate no meat, the vegetables he lived upon would not come from the exhibition of India-rubber mermaids, gutta-percha fish, or mammoth squashes. His genius did not lie at all in that direction. On the contrary, he preferred to diminish his wants, instead of resorting to extraordinary schemes to gratify them.

Mr. Thoreau gives a description of a battle fought upon his wood-pile between two armies of ants, that is exceedingly graphic and spirited. We think it surpasses in interest the description of battles fought about Sebastopol, written by the famous correspondent of the *London Times*. Perhaps, however, we are somewhat prejudiced in the matter. The truth is, we have read so much about the war in Europe, that the whole subject has become somewhat tiresome ; and this account of the battle of the ants in Concord had so much freshness about it — so much novelty, dignity, and importance, which the battles in Europe cease to possess for us — that we have read it over three or four times with increased interest each time. We regret that the whole account is too long to copy here, but we will give the closing part : ‘ They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was, Conquer or die ! I was myself excited somewhat, even as if they had been men. The more you think of it, the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment’s comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight ! Two killed on the patriot’s side, and Luther Blanchard wounded ! Why, here every ant was a Buttrick. ‘ Fire ! — for God’s sake, fire ! ’ and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea ; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker-Hill, at least.’

The more you think of it the less the difference between this fight and those battles about Sebastopol. There appears, however, to have been this advantage in favor of the battle of the ants, there was no ‘ mistake ’ made in the orders, (that the chronicler could discover,) by which many valuable lives were lost, as in the charge of cavalry at Sebastopol. All the operations of the ants appeared to be systematic and well-timed. This rather goes to show that the commanders of ants are more cautious than the commanders of men, for the reason probably that they hold the lives of their combatants in greater estimation.

The machinery that is used to bring about battles between different nations by ‘ the powers that be,’ is very much like that Barnum used to divert the public — to divert money from their pockets into his. By adding to the age of his remarkable ‘ nurse ’ — the vivacious and interesting Joice — in about the same proportion that he increased the age of his juvenile phenomenon, General Thumb, he was guilty of a

departure from truth not a whit more extraordinary than the discrepancy between the conversation of the Emperor of all the Russias with the English ambassadors in regard to the health of Turkey, and his actions at the same time. Barnum unquestionably possesses superior diplomatic talents. Talleyrand would have approved them.

We said some little way back that there was one point of resemblance between Barnum and Thoreau. There are half-a-dozen. Both are good-natured, genial, pleasant men. One sneers at and ridicules the pursuits of his contemporaries with the same cheerfulness and good-will that the other cajoles and fleeces them. The rural philosopher measured the length, breadth, and depth of Walden Pond, with the same jovial contentedness that the metropolitan show-man, measured the length, breadth, and depth of the public gullibility. Both too are compassionate men. Flashes of pity are occasionally met with in the book of Barnum's, at the extent of the credulity of that public he seemingly so remorselessly wheedled; and Thoreau evinced a good deal of compassion for some of his well-to-do townsmen. His sympathy was a good deal moved in behalf of the farmer that owned 'a handsome property,' who was driving his oxen in the night to Brighton, through the mud and darkness. Both were artists. He of the wood constructed himself the unpretending edifice he occupied — a representation of which graces the title-page of his book. Barnum's artistic skill was more evinced in constructing such 'curiosities' as we have before alluded to. And finally, both were humbugs — one a town and the other a rural humbug.

But both of them have nevertheless made large contributions to the science of human nature. Malherbe, once upon hearing a prose work of great merit extolled, dryly asked if it would *reduce the price of bread!* If 'Walden' should be extensively read, we think it would have the effect to reduce somewhat the price of meat, if it did not of bread. At all events it encourages the belief, which in this utilitarian age enough needs encouragement, that there is some other object to live for except 'to make money.'

In the New-England philosophy of life, which so extensively prevails where the moral or intellectual character of a man is more or less determined by his habits of *thrift*, such a book as 'Walden' was needed. Extravagant as it is in the notions it promulgates, we think it is nevertheless calculated to do a good deal of good, and we hope it will be widely read. Where it exerts a bad influence upon one person, Barnum's auto-biography will upon a hundred.

U L L I E : A N E X T R A C T .

The crimson of the maple trees
Is lighted by the moon's soft glow;
Oh! nights like this, and things like these,
Bring back a dream of long ago.
For on an eve as sweet as this,
Upon this bank, beneath this tree,
My lips, in love's impassioned kiss,
Met those of ULLIE.

Softly as now the dew-drops burned
In the flushed bosoms of the flowers,
Backward almost seems Time to have turned
The golden axis of the hours,
Till, cold as ocean's beaten surf,
Beneath these trailing boughs, I see
The white cross and the faded turf
Above lost ULLIE.

ALICE CARY.

THE MOTHER'S VOICE.

A CHILD having lost her hearing very young, being asked many years after if there was any sound which she could recall, replied that she still remembered her mother's voice.

I KNOW, lone one! thou canst not hear
The joyous sounds of earth,
That sweetly fall on every ear,
Of melody and mirth.
The breeze that steals the violet's sigh
In vain is whispering near,
Nor have bright waters, murmuring by,
One charm to lull thine ear.
The wind, earth's wildest minstrel, sings,
That voice that may not sleep;
For Nature has a thousand strings
O'er which his fingers sweep.

The leaves are but as trembling chords
His hand has idly strung,
Their rustling sounds like tuneful words
By angel spirits sung;
Soft lyres through which his music breathes
Wild notes that linger long,
And sing to every passing breeze,
In summer-time, a song.
And yet its voice for thee, I know,
No lingering tone can wake,
Nor all its sweetest strains that flow,
The chain of silence break.

But are there not sweet sounds, pale one,
Whose memory lingers yet,
And many a gentle, once-loved tone
Thou canst not now forget?
Oh! can you not recall again
The warble of some bird;
The notes of some enchanting stream
That happier moments heard?
Blest tones that will not now depart—
Loved voices, as of yore,
Whose echo hangs around thy heart,
Though they are heard no more?

She turned, and o'er that face a smile
Of such strange brightness stole,
As if some spirit-voice the while
Had stirred her inmost soul:
'Oh! yes, there is *one* sound e'en now
My memory yet recalls,
That on my heart, still soft and low,
Like distant music, falls:

That well-remembered tone, how oft
 In slumber's vision thrills!
 Until its gentle cadence soft
 My lonely bosom fills.
 Long will those cherished accents sweet
 This saddened heart rejoice,
 Till every pulse has ceased to beat —
My blessed mother's voice !

N. L. M.

FALLACIES ABOUT EDITORS.

BY 'ONE OF 'EM.'

NUMBER ONE.

THE popular idea of an editor is, a miserable man, perpetually tormented with the task of finding material to 'fill up' a newspaper — a bottomless abyss, that is as incapable of overflowing as the cup of happiness. Out of this yawning gulf there is supposed to issue periodically a devil. Day and night the insatiable fiend is said to haunt him, and scream in his ears for '*Copy, more copy.*'

It is no such thing. There is no such man. There is no abyss, and no devil. It is a humbug — every word of it. The last apprehension that ever flits through the brain of an editor — and there are a great many — is the apprehension that 'there will not be enough to fill up.'

Not enough to fill up! Does not Congress sit nine months of the year? Do they not spend three-fourths of the time in making long speeches of not the slightest interest to any body in the world? No body listens to them when they are made. No body reads them afterward. What then are they for? Clearly to print — to fill up newspapers.

Are there not telegraphs in operation all over the land, bringing in important rumors of startling events to-day, to be followed by equally important contradictions of them to-morrow? If there is any one thing the public like better than having a mystery explained, it is being mystified over again with a new one. Now, how could this be done so frequently and effectually as by having newspapers to disseminate telegraphs, and telegraphs to fill up newspapers?

Are there not conventions, and convocations, and assemblies, and meetings — some benevolent, some profound, some indignant, some hilarious, and all large and enthusiastic — constantly going on, and devising all manner of short cuts across lots to the millenium, which it is of the utmost importance that the world should take immediately? Do not the eloquent gentlemen who invariably address them always happen to have in their pocket an elaborately-written rough draft of

what they said, which they would not have published for any consideration? Do they not always kindly consent to waive their personal feelings, out of regard to the editor and the public, notwithstanding it is so defective? What is this but a method of filling up newspapers?

Are there not piles and piles of exchange newspapers lying on the table, lying on the chairs, lying on the floor of the editorial sanctum, every one of which presents its readers this week with the very best and latest original and selected matter? Are there not scissors lying at the editorial elbow?

And above all, are there not hosts of kind friends who every day send in long communications, each one of which relates to the most important topic in the world, and therefore the one which ought to be written about first? Do they not generously allow them to be published for nothing? Do they not do all this solely with a view to save the editor trouble, and to fill up his paper?

Instead of there not being enough to fill up, it is just the other way. There is too much. The trouble is to cut it down, pare off the edges, shorten in the ends, and leave out the middle, so as to get it all in. Show me an editor and I will show you a man that, twelve times a day, laments that his paper is so small. More things happen every day than can be published in a week. There is no limit to news; but newspapers, alas! are bounded by feet and inches.

NUMBER TWO.

If you take his own word for it, the editor never receives his due share of public consideration or compensation for a life of drudgery. He forms public opinion, but public opinion takes no note of him. He points out the way by which the country is saved from financial ruin, but he comes, in the end, to a private financial ruin of his own. He raises his friends to preferment, honors, and wealth; but when they have reached the topmost round of the ladder, they still expect him to stand at the bottom and hold it up. In a word, he diffuses enlightenment, comfort, and luxury, through every household in the country except his own.

Was there ever such an unreasonable complaint? Is not 'the power behind the throne greater than the throne' itself? Is not he who controls fame, greater than fame? Is not he who dispenses wealth, superior to riches? And if the coin wherewithal the world pays for its luxuries, seldom enters his hands, yet are not the luxuries of the world at his command for nothing? Is a new work published? The first copy, in its neatest dress of type and gilding, is laid upon the editor's table. Is a work of art produced? The editor is the first to behold it privately, and criticise it publicly. Is a public movement — patriotic or otherwise — on foot? The coöperation of the editor is the first object of solicitude. Would he travel? His pen is a talisman, and serves him for a free-ticket. Go with him to the steam-boat, and you shall see him received with affable pleasure by every one on board, from the captain to the cabin-boy; for not one of them is insensible to fame.

No wonder he gratefully records 'the unparalleled beauty and speed of the craft,' and the 'polite attentions and seaman-like skill of her officers.' Would he dine? He has but to say, 'Jenkins has received at his restaurant another fine specimen from Cuba,' and straightway turtle-soup and smiles await him. Go with him to the theatre, the concert, the exhibition, and the simple pronunciation of the cabalistic word, *Press*, opens the door and seats him at the most favorable point for observation. Go with him to the public meeting, and you shall see the crowd open to make room for the 'gentlemen of the press.' You shall see the president blandly welcome him to a seat at his right hand, and every participant in the proceedings rejoicing in the hope of his smiles, and trembling at the prospect of his frown — in nonpareil type — the next morning.

NUMBER THREE.

If you will believe the thousand-and-one paragraphs floating about, in regard to editorial annoyances, you will be firmly convinced that there is not such another persecuted man, of visitors, as the editor. All his acquaintances would seem to delight in calling upon him at inopportune seasons, throwing his papers and manuscripts into inextricable confusion, pestering him with unanswerable questions, and staying with unheard-of pertinacity.

But granting that tedious and annoying visits do befall him, whom do they not befall? A certain number of them are, as one may say, allotted to man. But the editor is the only one who can turn his visitations to advantage.

Suppose you are a lawyer. Just as you are endeavoring to solve a knotty point in case of *Bliffkins vs. the Junction Rail-road Company*, and pondering whether Bliffkins ought to recover damages of the Junction Rail-road Company, or the Junction Rail-road Company recover damages of Bliffkins, and if so, why, and what will be the consequences and costs, the door opens, and in walks some body, of whom you have not the slightest comprehension, save a vague instinct that you ought to be civil to him, on account of some legal matter, past, present, or to come. You grasp him by the hand and inform him you are heartily glad to see him, at the same time inwardly wishing you could perform that operation through a telescope. He seats himself comfortably in your chair, and commences a search for the last number of the *KNICKER-BOCKER*, which results in throwing the entire arrangement of pleadings, demurrers, notices, decisions, opinions, and points, in the case of *Bliffkins vs. the Junction Rail-road Company* upon the floor. Then he assails you with a parcel of irrelevant matter about the weather and the news, with which you are already perfectly acquainted, and more irrelevant matter about himself, with which you don't want to be. You bear it patiently as long as you can, and then you commence a furious search for an imaginary case. You take down all the volumes of 'Johnson's Reports' in succession, and follow it up by examining closely the 'Revised Statutes.' The sight of so many law-books only reminds him to inquire if you know what was done about old Tomp-

kins' will, and whether the widow did n't cheat the children, and the surrogate cheat the widow. Getting no satisfactory information from you on the subject, he proceeds to give you his own opinion thereupon — lucid, but novel and extra-judicial. You take out your watch. He follows your example, and is surprised to find it so early. You hint at 'an appointment up-street.' He tells you not to mind him, for he will wait until you come back. Two or three would-be clients come in, but retreat on finding you 'engaged.' All of which you submit to with exemplary fortitude, and have not even the anticipated consolation of a counsel-fee.

Suppose you are a physician. After you have listened to a long recital of the imaginary ailments and symptoms of your patient, and prescribed for what you conjecture to be the real ones, you must still pause to hear how *he* thinks the cure ought to be effected, and how a case of striking similarity occurred to some one else, some years before. Then you have an interrogative gauntlet to run through the assembled family. What it is? Whether it is n't just what Mrs. Jones had, and didn't never get over in six months? What is your opinion of the Invigorating Extract of Wild Cabbage? And what makes you call it a humbug, when Miss Smith cured herself so miraculously with a teaspoonful? Whether you won't just look and see what it is that Billy imagines he's got in his throat, as soon as Mary Jane can be found to run out into the field and catch him? What it is that I've got in my head that makes it ache so, every day, just after dinner? And how comes it that I can't get along without spectacles, though I'm only fifty-nine? Whether there is any truth in that story that Mrs. Thompson's baby has got the scarlet-fever? And whether the cholera is catching? And whether this aint a sickly season? And how came Mr. Smith to die so soon when you took charge of him? And how came Mr. Stephens to get well so soon, when some body else took charge of *him*? Then you are expected to give a general dissertation on the *Materia Medica*, and a refutation of the spiritual rappings, and a diagnosis of cases you have never seen, and the proper mode of treatment of cases you have never heard of. And all the while you know your dinner is getting unpleasantly cold, and your housekeeper unpleasantly warm, and your gouty *im*-patient around the corner waiting, and grumbling, and wondering why the d—l that confounded quack neglects his business so.

Suppose you are a clergyman. Among your other weekly duties is that of visiting the houses of your flock, and looking after their spiritual welfare. In pursuance of it, you enter the domicile of Mr. Thomas Brown, trustee, etc., of the church. You fancied as you came up the gravel-walk that you heard a cheerful sound of the merriment of children, intermingled with the barking of a dog, as if some sport was going on. But you must have been mistaken; for Master Willie and Miss Lucy are sitting very demure and erect in opposite corners of the room. Ponto, to be sure, is there, but he is wandering about the centre of the apartment in a state of uncertain purpose, and looking askance at you, as if he wondered how you came there, and whether the other members of the family would sustain him in an attack upon your legs.

The young ladies, as you came in, had their heads very close together in whispering discussion, of which you only caught the words, 'cotillion-party,' 'Thursday night,' 'Charlie Livingston;' but upon your entrance, Jane is intent upon the mysteries of plain sewing, and Catharine deeply interested in the fifth volume of the 'Mother's Guide.' The young gentleman, who may or may not have been a participant in the colloquy, suddenly recollects a 'business engagement down-street,' and leaves in haste to fulfil it.

As you have cast the chill over the family circle, it devolves upon you to break through the ice of it, which you do by commencing a conversation with Mrs. Brown. It is easily done; for the good lady is all smiles and affability. She compliments your sermon last Sunday, and remarks with much solicitude upon your health, as indicated by your personal appearance. Then she slides into religious topics — a discussion of the domestic duties. Not *her* duties, but those of her neighbors; the unchristian spirit exhibited on a certain occasion by Mrs. Jenkinson toward her Betsey; the extravagant dress and vain ambition of Miss Smith; the heretical doctrines of the old gentleman over the way, who never comes to church since you came to preach in it, and who calls you a 'new-fangled humbug.' Upon each of these entertaining matters you are required to give an opinion, which you do, with a full conviction that it will be repeated to the parties in question, with sundry additions, not at all calculated to repress the growth among them of envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

But your visit is one of business, as well as pleasure. You turn to Mr. Brown to hint that the church is sadly out of repair; that you would willingly devote a portion of your own salary to it, if that were not in an equally dilapidated condition. But the world, it seems, has gone hard with Mr. Brown. His creditors have made heavy drafts upon him within a few days, and his debtors have saved him the trouble of forgiving them by becoming bankrupt. And then this has been a bad year — a very bad year for trade — and rents and provisions, you know, are rising every day, and really his family expenses are so great that —; beside, there are so many others in the congregation, so much more able to afford assistance, who never have afforded it, to any thing like the amount that he has; not that he is not perfectly willing and anxious even, to do all in his power for the church; but why not go to Mr. Such-an-one and Mr. So-and-so, and tell them that they ought to make amends for their past neglect, and make them do it—he would; though of course you know best what you want; he is only desirous of having the burden equally distributed, etc. Well, you take your leave shortly after, and if you are wise, you will not speculate much upon the amount by which you have increased in the friendship of that family, unless it be by your departure. You walk homeward, meditating plans by which to make your scanty pittance eke out your existence for the year; and your wife, as she opens the door to let you in, with a discontented look upon her care-worn face, informs you that Dr. — and two other clergymen have just come, and as they are on their way to the General Assembly next week, they will probably stay over Sunday, and there is not a morsel to eat, nor a bed for them in the house.

But beware how you admit a word of complaint into your sermon to-morrow!

But suppose you are an editor, and annoyed, as you will be, by a troublesome visitant. Seize pen and paper, and scratch away at any thing, no matter what, casting a nervous glance now and then at some printed extract. Answer 'Yes' when he expects you to say 'No,' and 'No' when he anticipates 'Indeed, oh! certainly.' If he is not destitute of ordinary observation, he does not fail to take the hint. He rises, says he knows an editor's time is precious, and that he will not detain you; takes his leave, and says to himself, as he descends the inky stairs, 'What an industrious fellow —— has got to be; and what a dog's life these editors do lead, to be sure. No wonder they don't live to the average age.' And after he is gone, you make a paragraph out of something that he has said, or failing in that, out of grumbling at him, and it helps to fill up the editorial column.

And this brings us to the real reason why the editor so often and so loudly proclaims himself to be the most misused of men. It seems to me to be simply this: it is part of his trade. When others stop to grumble, they are neglecting their work. When he grumbles, he is performing his. He sits down and sneers at the injustice of the world, and behold! he has written a paragraph. He sulks half a day over his miseries, and lo! he has written an article. No wonder he finds it pleasant and profitable to be unfortunate. If complaints of the condition of a man's worldly estate would satisfy the clients of a lawyer, the congregation of a clergyman, or the patients of a physician, who would waste his time in sermons, or suits, or prescriptions?

S T A N Z A S : T O E . F . S .

I GAZE upon the stars, yet see them not:

As stars, I see them not, although the skies
Are brilliant with their light: all are forgot,

And Fancy in them sees alone thine eyes —
Dark globes of beauty, floating bright and clear,
Amid their pure and liquid atmosphere.

The sound of waters and the song of birds,

In youth and spring were joyous to my ear;
But now I hear in them alone thy words,

Soft as that music, to my heart more dear;
In thee I feel again my youth and spring,
And in thy whisper hear the May-birds sing.

Oh! tell me not how sweet the breath of kine,

How fresh the rose, how fair the lily's bloom;
No petal's cheek is fresh or fair like thine;

Thy breath is sweeter than the hay's perfume:
In these no bliss I find, no beauty see,

Save what they borrow from my thoughts of thee.

San-Francisco, (Cal.), December 1, 1854.

FRANK SOULE.

T O M Y H U S B A N D .

I.

BEFORE my heart was wed
 It roved the earth around,
 And reared its shrines in distant lands,
 By Fame made hallowed ground.
 There, burning sacred vestal-fires,
 For heroes long a-gone,
 With sympathies removed from life,
 It silently lived on;
 And found its heaviest care,
 Before it met with you,
To be dreaming of the Old World,
And tarrying in the New!

II.

Before my thoughts were wed,
 They weaved full many a tale
 Of love, and home in castle gray,
 And sweet rose-sheltered vale.
 The days of chivalry came back,
 With tilts and tourneys bold;
 And fancy pictured each fair scene
 A 'field of cloth of gold.'
 Till, wearying of the age,
 A discontent up-grew,
To be dreaming of the Old World,
And tarrying in the New!

III.

Before my will was wed,
 It promised I should stray
 Where'er my heart had built a shrine,
 Or thought had dreamed the way:
 O'er merry England, pleasant France,
 Along the haunted Rhine,
 In buried Rome, in classic isles,
 And sacred Palestine.
 Thus, 'mid my daily toils,
 A sweet relief I knew —
To be dreaming of the Old World,
Though tarrying in the New!

IV.

But now, my heart, and will,
 And thoughts are wed to thee;
 And though each aim and dream is changed,
 They'd not again be free.
 Than knight or hero, famed of old,
 Thy life is dearer far,
 And sweeter than all storied lays
 Or youth's romances are.
 And 't is a greater joy
 To hope and strive for you,
Than be dreaming of the Old World,
While tarrying in the New!

v.

We'll seek a quiet home,
 In that far, pleasant land,
 Whose flowery vales will lovelier be
 Than all its golden sand;
 Where bold Nevada's snowy wall
 Hides many a fairer grove
 Than bard hath sung or legend kept,
 Or careful skill may prove.
 Oh! sweeter, happier far
 Will be, (*I know 't is true,*)
Than my dreamings of the Old World,
 OUR 'SWEET HOME' IN THE NEW!

L. E. D.'S.

STRAY FANCIES OF YOUNG LIFE.

BY PHIL. KROMMOK.

I WISH you could have seen her — my first love !

I had reached the advanced age of ten when my heart surrendered itself to Fanny C —, and the young lady was no older. We attended the same school, and she used to cast at me side-long, modest glances of affection, in answer to my somewhat broad stare of admiration, when we encountered each other in the street, on our way to the temple of learning. At last, one evening we met at a juvenile party; we were both seized with a chronic blushing, and when in the course of some kissing game, I chose her, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek, she was quite overpowered. I remember now the joyous spring-like thrill which that chaste, pure kiss of boyish affection sent tingling through my blood. We became bound to each other from that happy minute.

I dreamt of that girl for three nights successively, and when Saturday came was miserable, very miserable; for I knew I should not see her again until Monday. I wandered in the direction of her father's residence on Saturday afternoon, instead of playing 'hockey' with my companions. He lived in a court. I dared not turn into it, but I paced by the end several times with the air of a corsair disappointed in love.

I detected myself now often before a looking-glass, continually brushing my hair and putting on clean collars. I polished my shoes every day, and in my progress toward refinement, even declined to engage in any outside games. Fanny and I would meet each other at appointed times and places, and take long walks together. Where we wandered in these excursions, I know not, but I was certainly very happy; and when I returned home, was always anxious to know if there was n't a rent in my apparel behind, or white-wash on my jacket, or some other

little matter which might have deducted from the splendor of my personal appearance during the walk.

No living man, not even the President of the United States, whoever that dignitary might have been at the time, held so high a place in my imagination as Fanny's father. His effect upon me was astounding. He certainly was not possessed of extraordinary talents, and, I have since discovered, was rather a common-place character; but he was Fanny's father, and that was enough for me. A man who was the parent of such a girl should not be compared with the general run of humanity, by any means. I think I feared him, for in my mind he possessed most of the traits which history gives Oliver Cromwell, mingled with some of the characteristics of Napoleon Bonaparte. Yet this man, knowing doubtless of my acquaintance with Fanny, addressed me one day in the street, and said, 'Well, my boy, call and see our Fanny; I know she would like to see you!'

Here was condescension!—a gentleman of his age and standing inviting me to call and see his daughter! I blushed and muttered some thanks, which he replied to with a hearty laugh, and passed on. I entertained an idea that Mr. C—— was enormously rich; the sum he made each day in his business, in my opinion, was magnificent. I knew that, if he chose, he could draw from his pocket a handful of gold eagles at any time. I wondered why he was n't Governor of the State, or something of that sort, and pondered on the celebrated ingratitude of republics. And this man wished me to call upon his daughter! Bless me! I rather thought I would.

I went home, and in an easy, gentlemanly way, informed my mother—dear mother! I see her quiet smile now—that Mr. C—— had just invited me to call on Fanny, and that I thought I should accept and visit her in the course of a day or two. In a day or two!—yes, indeed. Deceitful boy that I was! I knew I should call directly after school with Fanny, that afternoon. It was a great thought. I should accompany that dear girl home, walk up the steps to the door, and instead of then bidding her farewell, would enter that abode of happiness. And when my mother told me that I appeared to be very fond of Miss Fanny, did n't I ignore the fact on the spot, and endeavor to laugh it off cavalierly, and signally fail in the attempt? And then the pains I took about my dress that noon; it really seemed that the domestics did get up my linen very carelessly now. I mentioned it to my mother as she was pinning on my collar, but she did n't agree with me.

I started for school that afternoon with a beating heart, but full of hope, and already enjoying my happiness in anticipation. But even as I gazed upon the old brick school-house, my heart sank within me, and I feared I scarcely knew what. Alas! Fanny was not at school! She had been taken suddenly ill that morning, and the physician had ordered her to keep within doors. Thus was my cup of happiness dashed to the earth. Long and weary days passed, and still her seat was empty. I mustered up courage, and boldly rang at her father's door, and inquired after her. I am sure I must have looked sheepishly about it, for the servant laughed at me. I think I could have seen that

man trampled by wild elephants, or shot out of a cannon, or put to a painful death in any other Oriental manner, without the slightest pity for him. This miserable domestic informed me that Miss Fanny was growing better. I was happy in my heart, but could not, as I had intended, send my respects through this man; so I turned upon my heel and left, wondering in what part of the house Fanny was lying.

At last I saw her again. I pressed her soft, little hand, and gazed tenderly upon her pale face. I called to see her, and as she became well and hearty again, I saw her oftener, and we were on the most intimate terms. We walked together; we sat cozily at home and played back-gammon; and at intervals, I took tea at her mother's table.

A family-party of us attended the theatre, and at my earnest request, my mother dispatched me to invite Fanny to go with us. Her mother consented, and we were very, very happy while witnessing the representation of the drama of the 'Forty Thieves.' Fanny clapped her hands for joy when Ali Baba was safely out of the cavern, with his store of treasure, and shuddered and crept close to me when Morgiana poisoned the robbers in the jars. I was n't worth much for purposes of study for many days after that. My master chided me, and what was worse, detained me after school-hours. This stroke of bad fortune deprived me of the pleasure of walking home with Fanny, and I was the more chagrined, since I had reason to believe that a stout boy, with very black eyes, took occasion at these times to pay attention to her; and I had once detected him disappearing around the corner of the street in her company, as I emerged from the school-door. I sunk to the lowest depths of despair, and fancied no one could ever be so irretrievably wretched.

I never affected the society of that boy: it appeared to me that there was some innate, inherent badness in his character; and I felt it my duty to warn Fanny against so abandoned a villain. She replied with a toss of her pretty head which I did not half like. I brushed rudely against the black-eyed boy when I encountered him; and seeking out some peculiarity in the texture or fit of his apparel, insulted him grossly with a sarcastic mention of it. I took exception to his gait, and gave a burlesque imitation of it in the open street; indeed I tried various ways to pick a quarrel with him. I even went so far as to taunt him with his attentions to Fanny; this touched him, and he gave me battle; he gave me more—he gave me a thrashing. In this conflict I received a black eye, which resulted in some trouble for me at home; and would you believe it, Fanny laughed at me! This led to a series of recriminations, and we parted in a quarrel. How grieved I was at what I had done, and how vexed with myself for having had any words with Fanny, I need not state here. However, in a day or two, she begged my pardon, and with an expression of offended dignity, I forgave her, as if I was a prince of the blood, and she some poor peasant's child. I felt grandly, and longed to embrace her, but that would n't do at all; it might compromise me. I must make it appear that she had been entirely in the wrong.

After this, we were fast friends, and the black-eyed boy had no chance. I still envied him hugely for one thing, and that was his

beautiful hair, which was always parted and dressed stylishly. I am inclined to think that he used Macassar ; and indeed there was a rumor rife with the boys that he poured an entire vial of that ambrosial liquor upon his locks each day. Now, my hair was flaxen and curly, and I was compelled to own, suffered greatly in comparison with his. I had serious thoughts of using a hair-dye, and applied to my mother for funds for the purchase thereof, but she said something about the progress of ' Young America,' which at that time I did not understand, and refused to assent to my plan of amending nature. Poor woman ! she admired the color of my hair as it was, I know ; for my father, when young, possessed locks of the same sunny shade.

I attended another party, and among the guests were Fanny and the black-eyed boy, who, by-the-bye, was rather attentive to a young lady in a yellow frock, whom I considered handsome, but Fanny could n't bear her.

Why did Fanny appear so very plain that evening ? Why could n't her mother have brushed that wisp out of her hair ? Why was that pretty apron so one-sided ? It was strange she should be so careless of her looks. But the yellow frock ! How very beautiful she was, to be sure ! I spoke to her : she replied sweetly, and blushed. There was no wisp in her hair, and her apron was adjusted to a charm. Why should I devote myself so entirely to Fanny ? Was it not apparent that many of the prettiest girls in the room were madly in love with me ? Could n't I choose for myself, and flirt with any one of them ? And was it required that I should be the bond-slave of a girl, of whose affection I was assured in any event ? Certainly not. If Fanny wished to retain my love, she should take better care of her hair, and, above all, not consider it always as understood that I entirely belonged to her. There was no engagement or understanding between us yet. By George ! I was free, I hoped, and could of course pay my *devoirs* to any young lady I fancied.

Then what a killing flirtation I commenced with the yellow frock ! How coyly yet how gratefully she received my advances, and how exultingly I gazed at Fanny ! Poor girl !—she sat with down-cast looks, and hardly seemed to enjoy the games and sports of the evening. I began to feel a grand and kingly pity for her, and made up my mind to go over to her, and throw out a word of encouragement, after I had assured myself of success with the yellow frock. When the supper-hour arrived, I remarked to Fanny, in a quiet way, that I had engaged to wait upon yellow frock to the table, but should be pleased to give her my disengaged arm. She looked up at me with a trembling lip ; said she would not trouble me ; she had other resources. With a smile of superiority, but with a very unpleasant feeling about the throat, I passed down to supper in as stately a manner as I could assume.

Fanny received at supper, and during the balance of the evening, the unremitted attentions of the black-eyed boy. How any young lady could associate with such a person, I could not, for the life of me, conceive. She will regret this very much, thought I, in after-life, when he escapes from the State-prison, where he has been incarcerated for forgery, and takes to the high seas as a pirate, and is captured, and is brought to this

port by a sloop-of-war, and is tried, condemned, and hanged, and not in the slightest way recommended to mercy, and dies unrepentant, after an unsuccessful attempt to stab the executioner with a Spanish dirk, which he has managed to conceal in his long, dark hair. She will regret very much having had any communication with him when this occurs; and it seemed a probable train of circumstances to my mind at the time.

When the hour arrived for the breaking up of the party, that scoundrel in embryo bade an affectionate adieu to Fanny, and attended her to her carriage. She scarcely deigned to glance at me, as she passed me in the hall. Meantime I flattered myself that I had made a great impression upon the yellow frock, and determined to know more about her at any rate; but after all, if the truth was told, I left the house for home quite unhappy.

I wept, I am sure, after I retired, and dreamed fearful dreams, and in the wild and varied fancies of my disturbed slumber, the black-eyed boy towered, preëminent in all sorts of wickedness, like Satan in 'Paradise Lost.'

It required long and tedious weeks to recover even a small portion of my position in Fanny's heart, and she never again had the same respect for me as before. New loves came forward, and the gulf between us gradually widened. We both formed other attachments, and in time they also gave place to others. Sometimes, in my boyish regret, I would have given worlds if she could have loved me as once she did, and doubtless she entertained the same wish in regard to me; but we both probably were certain that it could never be so again.

It is a phase of youthful life, but the moral will apply to later years. We trample the flowers of friendship and love under our feet — sometimes from mere caprice — and then in the dark hours which come to every one, we wish those same flowers were blooming, brightly and freshly, in our hearts.

I saw Fanny in the street a few weeks since, with a sturdy little blue-eyed fellow of a boy; she smiled graciously, and gave me a matron-like bow. I wonder if she remembered how much we once loved each other.

SONNET: THE WATER-LILIES.

WHEN down the valley streams the morning fair,
 Tinging the waters with a glory dim,
 And waking Nature to her matin-hymn,
 Then tripping lightly forth in vestments rare
 Of paly green, (like band of meek-browed nuns,
 Or groups of lovely UNDINES, decked with spray,
 Taking through opaline depths their graceful way,
 From crystal dwellings of the radiant ones,)
 The water-lilies lift their graceful heads,
 One after one, to greet the blessed rays,
 And join the incense of their silent praise,
 With chant of waters through their sedgy beds,
 And dreamy murmur from the mead and lane,
 And all creation's hallelujah strain!

THE SAGA OF VIKING TORQUIL.

BY XAVIER DONALD MAC LEOD.

THEN my darling from her dreaming
 Upward sprang, and stood upright,
 With her snowy vesture gleaming
 In the still and hazy light.
 Brighter than the rising day,
 O'er fair neck and cheek a-bounded,
 Leaped the red impetuous current,
 As she tore her comb away,
 And along her shoulders bounded
 All her silken hair's brown torrent.

Like the NOERNA, omen-freighted,
 Stood she there, with eyes dilated,
 In her wilful beauty's pride,
 Wild as any desert quagga;
 And, in ringing tones, she cried:
 'Chant me out some fiery saga!
 No soft lay of love-lorn maidens,
 But a tale of sterner times;
 Such as some rude Norse alarmer
 Sang to sounds of clashing armor;
 Full of rough and furious cadence,
 And of headlong, clanging rhymes,
 Like the angry ocean's chimes!'

The Saga.

SALVADORA, darling, hearken!
 Where the snow-clouds thickest darken,
 Where the tumbling, foaming seas
 Thresh the rugged Hebrides;
 Where the dank mist chilliest gathers,
 Lived my fierce old pagan fathers.
 And their children keep those tracts,
 Living there, 'mid rock and heather,
 Lulled by howl of stormy weather
 And the roar of cataracts!
 Listen to a legend brief
 Of one island-ruling chief.

Ruthless he in fray or duel,
 Curbless in his angry mood;
 Ne'er was gaunt were-wolf so cruel,
 Never hawk so crazed for blood.
 Pillager of town and city,
 Sacker, without fear or pity,
 Headstrong talker, quarrel-seeker,
 Hatred-nurser, vengeance-wrecker;
 Quick offended, prompt in striking,
 Dreadest pirate, roughest horseman,
 Was that grim old stormy viking,
 TORQUIL VICH LEODH, the Norseman,

For his lust of cruel glory
Lives he still in Low-land story ;
Lowland nurses ne'er forget him,
Telling, when the Southron met him,
How he stormed throughout the foray !
Recked not how the foes environ,
But, through thrilling din and brattle,
Ever where the need was sorest,
With his ponderous mace of iron,
Swung he, crashing, through the battle,
Like tornadoes through the forest.

Woe to ships that ventured nigh
His rude lair in misty Skye !
Were they heathen, cursing high ;
Were they monks, who sang their Kyrie :
Swift on Christian, swift on pagan,
Swooped he down from gray Dunveggan,
Like an eagle from his eyrie.

Yet, one trait could claim exemption
From the iron of his nature ;
Though so reckless, grim a creature,
And, as jungle-panther wild,
He had one point of redemption —
Never had he harmed a child.

When his fiercest mood was o'er him,
Place a little one before him,
He would stoop to smoothe its tresses :
Never could it fail to calm him
With its smile, nor to embalm him
Into peace with its caresses.

Even in fighting — it was curious —
When the battle raged most furious,
And a hundred blows were hailing
On his casque and on his shield,
Though to him all fear was stranger,
He would turn from those assailing,
Would shrink back, nay, almost yield,
But to save a child from danger.

When at length the Valkyr called him,
With their weird and triple wail,
Think you that the sound appalled him ?
That his cheek grew pale ?
No ! he dashed his robe away,
Shouted for his mace and mail,
And went out to die in fray.

On Clanorgan's heath a hundred
Steel-clad Southrons round him closed.
Once again his broad-sword sundered
Targe and lance to him opposed
Once again his fearful frown
Over-awed the Celtic clamor ;
And his mighty mace came down
Like Thor's awful thunder-hammer.

Heaviest fell it on the greatest;
And for hours he swung it light
As a birch-wand, for the fight
Was his keenest and his latest.

Hot they pressed him; all attacks
Sought him only; on his shattered
Armor, mace, and glaive, and axe
Hacked, and pierced, and clove, and battered,
Blow on blow came fiercely pealing,
Till he reeled, but smote in reeling!
And the purple gore ran proneward,
Till his armor grew all ruddy;
And the foe pressed on and onward;
And his casque yawned wide and bloody
Where the trenchant steel had bitten,
Till he tottered and crashed downward,
Like a great oak thunder-smitten.

Then the victors and the flying,
Borne upon the battle's tide,
Surged off to another quarter,
Leaving TORQUIL crushed and dying,
Muttering: 'Oh! before I died,
Would I had a draught of water!'

Then small fingers, soft and tender,
Wiped the red clots from his eyes;
Put aside the matted hair.
And a mild and starry splendor,
Like the light of Eastern skies,
Showed the infant JESUS there.
On the rough old sea-wolf smiled
The Divine, Eternal CHILD!

'TORQUIL, fierce, and wild, and gory,
Have thy days been: little good
Sheds its lustre on thy story,
Which is written out in blood.
Damning, hopeless, and bewildering
Were the crimes against thee shown;
But the angels of young children
Plead for thee before the throne.
For thy grace and shrift they sought.
Now I bring that grace to thee:
What for children thou hast wrought
Thou hast wrought for ME!
And thy GOD withholds His curses;
And, however *men* esteem thee
I, for those, thy tender mercies,
Do baptize thee and redeem thee!

Then, o'er TORQUIL's fevered brow
Poured a cool and limpid flow;
And his soul, though foul with slaughter,
And with guilt and crime o'er-laden,
Knew that it was living water
From the very wells of Eden.

When the clansmen came again,
 Seeking there amid the slain
 For the grim and fierce old Norseman,
 Where the dead were thickest piled,
 And the heath most torn and bloody,
 On a heap of slaughtered horseman,
 Found they TORQUIL'S shattered body:
 But his shriven soul slept and smiled
 On the bosom of the CHILD!

L I F E - R E C O R D S .

CONTINUED FROM THE 'BOARDING-SCHOOL' SKETCHES IN THE FEBRUARY NUMBER.

MY MOTHER'S HOME

You remember your mother. Could you ever forget the quiet smile of her gentle eyes? the sweet tones of her voice? How green grows the grass upon her grave! How many springs have the early violets bloomed there? how many autumns have chilled the last flowers of summer? But you have not forgotten her words of admonition, nor her acts of love. Did she die when you were *very* young? How you treasure the old-fashioned miniature, which shows you her features as they were in her joyous girlhood! how you love to listen to those who can tell you aught of her good deeds among the living!

Did she live long, till manhood had cast its sober shadows on your brow? Thrice happy then were you. How that mother's love restrained you from evil! how it purified your thoughts! how it ennobled your motives! 'Dear, dear Mother!' you sigh, and sob again as when a child you sobbed at her knee.

It was earlier in the season than this, a many years ago, that we started to visit the mountains of — county. It was there, among the towering hills, that our mother had spent many of the years of her childhood. Above every other place, *that* was home. A thousand times have we sat in the still, loving twilight, listening to stories of those wood-crowned hills, wondering how far they lay beyond the blue Catskills that we saw from the nursery windows, and whether they were so blue, and bold, and graceful. How our hearts throbbed as she spoke of the two girls who were lost in the woods over night, and how they bounded with joy when she told us good friends found them in the morning! And it was really *Mother* and her little sister who were lost! Could any thing be more wonderful? Then she told us of our grand-sire, whom we had never seen, whose grave lay among those blue mountains far away; and she said that we might one day visit those hills, walk through those very fields from which her childish hands had gathered the white daisy and the sweet cowslip; that we might some

day angle in those very streams from which oft-times she had jerked the wary trout, and gather the berries on the hill-sides she knew so well.

The time did come. It was in July, the beautiful month of July, that Father and I set out for the mountains. Yes, Father and I went *alone*. The blue-eyed girl who used with me to listen to the stories of our mother's home, as I have told you, had closed her eyes upon the world for ever, and her feet no more rambled along the meadow-paths. The curly-headed boy, our only brother, was far away, where sunny skies and singing birds bless the whole year. The little-one nestled at home, scarcely desirous to hear the tales that had beguiled our childhood.

We had reached the little village where lived my uncle, and a bright morning saw us depart for the mountains ere the sun was up. The black steeds were in high spirits. Uncle and Father sat in the front seat of the green farm-wagon, while Aggie and I occupied the other. At each mile the road grew rougher and rougher; every hill that we ascended only showed us higher hills beyond. If we crossed a valley, and wound between two mountains, we only reached a deeper valley encircled by dizzier heights. I was mute with delight. The mountains we had crossed to reach my uncle's home seemed little hillocks now. And just so it is in life. The difficulties which obstructed our progress yesterday are but trifles compared with those which deter us to-day. The sorrows of past years are but shadows to the mighty griefs which rack the present soul. Oh! could we bury our present troubles as we do past disappointments, what eternal smiles would light our hearts.

The sparkling Delaware ran capriciously among the mountains, now laving the rocky feet of some gigantic height, now plunging down into some dark abyss where its waters were lost to view, now coquetting with the flowers of a hill-side meadow, now flowing placidly across a green valley.

'Won't we float down stream?' cried I, grasping the hand of Agnes, as the black steeds plunged into the eddying river.

Uncle laughed. 'No; do n't you see this is the ford? If we went in ten yards lower down, we would get in the 'Big Eddy,' and then perhaps we'd take a sail *volens aut volens*, as we boys used to say in the days of our Latin grammar.'

Down, stream! How many a one would have been saved from destruction if they had only been afraid of the down-stream tendency of the river of pleasure! If they had only asked, 'Won't we float down stream?' ere pushing out upon some whirling river of pastime, they might have been warned, and gone back, or dashed aside the waves in scorn, and crossed in safety. How many have gone in ten yards lower down, and been engulfed in the big eddy of vice! Would no one tell them that the ford was farther up? Did they not remember the voice of their mother telling them where they might cross safely, and which places to avoid? Or, remembering, like the fly in the fable, did they scorn to use the experience of others, and dash on, half-knowing that destruction was before them?

Three times we forded the river ere we left the west branch and crossed over to the east, on whose banks lay my mother's home. The sky was becoming black with clouds. The distant thunder rolled among the hills, booming like heavy artillery. The storm came nearer and nearer; and now we saw the lightning-flash far, far below the green heights; it seemed that we could catch it in our hands. The fiery steeds grew impatient; they snorted wildly, and, clattering up the uneven road, pushed on along the narrow, little-worn track, as though conscious of a shelter a-head.

'We shall have to take refuge somewhere,' said my uncle, as the rain came sweeping over the hills, the lightning wreathing all sorts of fantastic figures among the forest-trees. 'We can stop at Dick's house; that is not far ahead.'

'A house up here among the clouds?' asked I, dubiously. My uncle laughed again. 'Yes, two of them, and very nice ones in a stormy day.'

It seemed as though we could not get much higher; but the road wound tortuously and torturingly enough to me, so that two miles were passed ere we reached Dick's tavern. The rain-clouds had already spread themselves over us, and dripping with water, yet laughing and joking, we sprang to the ground. Uncle's 'very nice house' turned out a very nice house for the circumstances. Two others had taken refuge there beside our party — a man with a load of hay and a Yankee peddler — both of whom partook freely of certain spirituous liquors at the 'bar,' although 'Temperance House' was printed in large capitals on the outside of the door. Mrs. Dick gave us a chair, and told us to make ourselves welcome to the kitchen, hoping the storm would not last long. This said welcome was given in so equivocal a manner that we came to the conclusion, the wish with which she rounded up her sentence spoke one word for us and two for herself. How amusing it was to watch the old lady, wiping her dishes, and peeping out of the corners of her sour little eyes at the intruders. How very emphatic was her concise answer to our remark — 'I think, Mrs. Dick, it will clear up soon.' 'Hope so!'

And it did clear up. The sun came out like a new six-pence, shining and dancing among the clouds like a village-belle on a May-day frolic. Still our course was upward. 'There, Milly,' said my uncle, 'when we reach that point you will look down upon the valley where your mother once lived. Many a time has she rode over these hills to Walton, where we dined to-day, to attend a country ball. Yes, she and her sisters were the belles of the country, by universal consent;' and uncle sighed, for he thought of his pretty little wife, our mother's sister, who had died when cousin Agnes was a wee child, and who slept now in our burying-ground at K —, not far from my blue-eyed sister.

The point was gained. I could not speak. Have you ever felt this oppressive emotion when viewing the scenes of a dearly-loved landscape? There were hills and vales that I had never seen before, but which were very dear to me. There was a familiar home-look about every thing, that filled my eyes with tears. The east branch of the

Delaware ran shining among the white houses and green fields, and beyond it rose Brock's Mountain, at the foot of which lay my mother's home.

Now our course was down, down. The sun was sinking behind the hills, although it was still early; but the mountains hide his face late in the morning and early at night. Oh! every thing was so wild, and rich, and rural, my heart since morning had grown ten times bigger, and I thought I never, *never* could go back to the brick-walled town where two or three building-lots comprised a *home*, and a few flower-borders symbolized forth rural delights.

Instead of turning toward Brock's Mountain, we wheeled to the right, taking the road which led to Agnes' sister's. As we passed the country post-office, some one shouted 'Halloa!' and a man came running to us with letters. 'I knewed it must be ye's, exclaimed the good fellow; 'strangers comes to these parts so seldom, we soon scent 'em.' He was thinking, probably, of his last deer-hunt. One letter was for me, from Mother. I bent down, pretending to fix my gaiter, and kissed the dear missive, which came so opportunely to cheer the first hour at the old home. I never had felt so strangely sad in all my life. Every thing seemed to speak of my own dear mother. This was the place which knew her when she was young and gay, ere the years damped her gladness, and the nights of sorrow dimmed her buoyant joy. It was here that her sisters roamed with her, light-hearted. Who knows how often they have come, on a summer afternoon, to this very post-office, to get the long letters from their absent lovers! How one's mind will wander! What a glorious place for the romance of one's life, thought I. A city belle would have said, 'What a charming place for a summer flirtation!'

Two miles more, and we reached Cousin Lilly's. The neat white cottage was a gem among the hills. Indeed, we had passed several habitations in this quiet, out-of-the-way valley that bespoke industry and thrift. How hearty was the welcome! Just such a welcome as *you* receive when you go out to spend July and August with your cousins in the country, and just such an one as you do not give when they return the visit in the winter, although with them a week balances a month of your sojourn. But let that pass.

The children were two romping beauties, but so fair that one would never dream of calling them young mountaineers. Delicate as a garden lily, little Agnes twittered round the house. The baby, named after our sister, was livelier, but still fragile as a spring violet. And these were the great-grand-children to whom Grand-ma had sent so many kisses and *bon-bons*. The husband, a handsome man, greeted us kindly, and assisted in carrying in the trunks; and in twenty minutes we were all domesticated in the little parlor.

Night came. Agnes and I retired to our room, off the garret. We sat down on an old chest before the window, and gazed out on the solemn, moon-lit scene. 'Is it not beautiful?' at last murmured my cousin.

'Very beautiful!' and I sighed, and almost sobbed, I know not

why. I drew the letter from my pocket, and read it for the twentieth time.

‘MY DEAR MILLY: If your letter had not made its appearance this evening we should have been really home-sick ; that is, sick of home ; but as it is, we are delighted to hear that you are enjoying yourself among the mountains, and now viewing the spot where your mother has spent so many happy days. Yes, there, alone with the hearts that we loved, the world and its fashions marred none of our enjoyment, and I look back upon those days as the brightest of my life, because there was no responsibility resting upon me. I had no treasured ones to bruise or gladden my heart. Fix the streamlet, the mountain, and the deep forest in your memory. Let me see them again in your words when you return. Has not Nature been lavish upon our mountain home?’

I looked out of the window, and smiled and sighed again.

‘And in viewing the scenes, to me so dear, and dear to you, I know, my child, because I love them, imagine your mother, with her sisters, mounted on good ponies, galloping along the rugged mountain roads, sometimes attended by a rustic beau, but oftenest alone ; or see us with our fishing-rods, searching the binna-kills, or letting our flies float down the trout streams ; or yet, picture us climbing those steep hill-sides in quest of berries, and I know you will think, darling, of the lost children, and the great bear who over-turned our baskets, and a hundred little stories with which I used to love to win your smiles or sympathetic tears in childhood.’

Thus ran my mother’s letter, till the four pages of two sheets were filled ; and I kissed it again, and dreamt all night of the wood-land belles who used to gallop over those hills years ago.

In the night I awoke. Behind the oak-chest my eyes spied something in the moon-light which I had not seen before. Agnes was wide awake. ‘What is it?’ questioned I, pointing to the two solemn eyes which looked up over the chest.

‘Oh ! I forgot to show it to you, Milly. It is our great-grand-father’s portrait ; the very first portrait that Vanderlyn ever put on canvas.’

In a moment we were both on the floor. We dragged the old frame from its hiding-place, wiped away the cob-webs from the venerable picture, and stood it up against the door. There, with the moon-light shining upon them, I gazed for the first time upon the features of my maternal great-grand-father. The shadow of the swaying boughs outside ever and anon floated over the face, causing it alternately to smile and frown. It was a venerable figure. The white lappets bespoke the good old Dutch dominie, and the clasped hands and slightly-raised eyes gave an air of reverence to the picture altogether impressive. There was no sound without, save the stamping of the horses’ feet as they ran round the neighboring meadow, or the quiet ‘*knee-deep*’ of the wakeful frogs. We sat down on the floor, our long, loose hair floating around our ghostly figures, our eyes fixed on the portrait of the old dominie ; and there we talked of the past and future, till the clock

on the chimney-piece down stairs struck two, when we crept under the clothes again, and tried to sleep.

My mother's home! There it stood, as it did long years before, an antique, well-kept place, with an old-fashioned aristocratic air quite captivating. The present inhabitants were very kind; they used to know the family, and they spared no trouble to initiate me in the mysteries of the house. 'This was your mother's room, dear,' said they at last; but before another word could be uttered I had sprung to the window, and cried: 'Yes, this you call Brock's Mountain, and there is the brook they used to wade across, and there is the saw-mill, too. That is the store where, after grand-pa died, they stored his chests of medicine and books, and that little room in front was his office. And, I declare, there, up the mountain, is old Bill Cole's, where Mother went to sit up, that cold winter night, with the sick child.'

The people stared, and wondered how I knew so much about a place that I had never seen before. Ah! they knew nothing of the quiet nursery at twilight hour, of the home-group gathered about the former occupant of this dainty chamber, and they could only say, 'Miss Effie was an angel!' Then I smiled, and they smiled too.

'And there,' ventured I again, 'is little George's grave.' It was a solitary mound on a hillock at the left of the house. I shall never forget the thousand emotions awakened by the sight of that little grave. A boy, a blooming boy, had died in his earliest years, and lay buried there, the name upon his tomb-stone the only monument to the family who once lived at the old place. Often, when our mother has told us the story of her baby-brother's death, have we wondered if George was not afraid to lie there all alone, where the wolves and bears might come from the mountains in the night-time, and crush the flowers upon his grave. And we have wept for him, just as we and you have wept when told that at the last day all the world would be burnt up. Yes, how we wept in thinking that our pet play-things, and all the great furniture, and our pretty clothes must be burnt up, too. Into what treasures did our excited minds weave these possessions of our childhood! How precious became every doll's-head and knife-handle, as we pondered on the destruction awaiting them! We look back upon these things now with mockery, even while we treasure lesser trifles, hang our happiness upon a straw, and rest our future on a bubble.

Thus days passed, and each hour I grew more familiar with the scenes about me. Every thing had a charm for me; not a stone but was a treasure, every babbling brook a song, every graceful forest a memento of the olden time. We bless God that our mother is still spared to us; that we go forth to the world's strife with her love to shield us from its dangers, her counsels to keep us from the evil. We are strong, for we have our mother. If we succeed, can any smile be brighter than hers? If we fail, can any voice be cheerer? Who will speak to us such words of comfort as she who has trained us up for the battle of life? Neither sister, nor brother, nor friend, nor lover can so rob from disappointment its sting as the calm, cheering, abiding love of our mother.

And you look up at her and smile, and fear not the world's frown. You brave fashion's scorn, and triumph, for your mother cheers. You labor to obtain eminence — labor, I say, with a strength which no one but a full-purposed, strong-hearted man possesses, because your mother looks on. Well may you struggle, that she may bless you ere her eyes grow dim, and her breath ceases, and her hands lie listless, and her lips are mute, and her heart chilled in the sleep of death.

THE STUDENT.

THAT sharp cough rings through the room, and you heed not its warning echoes. The mid-night hour and the early dawn alike find you over your books. The chill of the room, the unhealthy position, as you lean over your desk, the restless activity of your grasping brain, all conspire to bring on that dread consumption, which too often cuts short the course of the ambitious student. Yes, many a one before you has worked thus, faded as you are fading, died as you will die, with your proud dreams unrealized, and the gay temple your imagination has raised dashed into atoms, as though it were of glass.

'Yet there is a hope urges me on,' you say, as your wild eyes glance up quickly; and you smile, and again bury your thoughts in those dusty volumes.

Ah! yes. The scholar's toils are not uncheered by hopes, hopes bright and beautiful as the rainbow arch that spans the clouded sky. Those who have never trimmed the mid-night lamp, nor bent with throbbing heart and burning brain over the storied page, know not of the proud longings which flush your cheek and kindle the fire of your eye. They know not what urges you to follow the scorings of your tireless mind. And what *is* it? Is it that you may garner the treasures gathered by sage men of other days? Is it that you may know what laws govern the universe? what causes the rise and downfall of nations? what is the spring of human action? or what the motive-power of all that is wonderful in nature — the meteors, comets, lightning, electricity? Not these alone. Hope, brilliant with a thousand celestial rays, ever dances before you, pointing onward and upward to a goal as yet unattained by mortal intellect. It shows you what man might be, how like unto the ETERNAL. It unfolds science, laid open in all its beauties, to your enraptured gaze. Mystery flies before the glorious light of that temple of perfection to which it leads; Ignorance and Superstition vanish ere they reach its distant twi light, and Knowledge stands there, pointing to the revealed depths of science, making clear as noon-day what has been to all mankind an impenetrable shadow. Thus Hope cheats your imagination, and you follow rashly on, fearless, though fainting, desperate even in death. Was Plato a philosopher? A mere school-boy dreamer in comparison with the wisdom which shall one day shall be yours. Has Herschel discovered a world? You will yet bring from chaos a thousand worlds more beautiful, more wondrous, of greater magnitude and quicker motions. Did Franklin woo the lightning from the cloud? You will

silence the thunder, and charm the very stars. Did Shakspeare create the drama? His plays are but nursery tales to those which shall immortalize your pen. Was Handel a musician? Your strains shall captivate even the birds of heaven. Was Byron a poet? Your brain shall distil the very essence of poetry. Was Raphael a painter? You will create a beauty which shall be to his as diamonds are to pebbles. And thus you go mad, building castles without foundations, cheating your own heart of its pride of youth.

You struggle to attain perfection, and strive to stand erect in the image of your God; yet to whom can you point, and say 'There stands a perfect man?' Man's fallible nature renders your desire impossible to be accomplished. But you think not of this. You peer steadily into the depths of science, plucking gems from the sea and stars from the sky, tearing up mountains, and turning rivers from their courses, chaining the lightning, driving your chariots by steam, and sailing through the air; and when all this is done, you find perfection still unattained. Like the little vixen you courted in your boyhood, she dances off, and, by a thousand wiles, for ever and for ever eludes your eager grasp.

You strive to paint the sun-set sky upon the printed page, as the painter seeks to picture it upon his canvas, and when your last master-touch is given, you wring your hands and say, 'It is not perfect. It lacks the life, the ever-changing beauty which God gives to His sun-sets.' Ah! the scholar may dream on, picturing his goal won, himself the admired of the world, a man perfect in wisdom and knowledge; the painter may gaze on the creations of his pencil till, in imagination, they teem with life, and like the kaleidoscope, wreath their beauties into a thousand ever-varying shapes; the musician may think he has caught the glory of harmony, and breathed it upon stringed instruments, yet the hopes of all alike will be unrealized this side of heaven, where is the home of perfection, and the perfection of knowledge and happiness.

Perhaps you are a student of the good. For you there is no harmony save that which echoes the voice of truth. Nature has bestowed on you a calm and peaceful spirit. You do not envy the great nor scorn the little. Around you is an atmosphere of love. You are no dreamer. You do not waste your life in idle fancies, nor sicken on deceitful hopes. You pity him, the child of genius, who wastes his substance in intellectual folly, or sells his birth-right for a bubble. You neither envy him his fate nor his gift. Possessed of an honest soul, endowed with sympathy for human kind, you forget self in stretching out a hand to the poor and feeble. To you, your lot seems low, obscure; shut out from the strivings of ambition, you deem your place scarce worth a striving for; but there are those who would give worlds, were they theirs to bestow, to barter the tears and sighs of a life of disappointments for the sweet and joyous calmness of your humble lot.

And yet you are not entirely without ambition; but it is an ambition so holy and so pure that to call it such seems sacrilege — an ambition to be *good*. You weep over your frailties, chastise your sinful thoughts, punish your weaknesses, and smile through your struggles. Already you have learned one great lesson, the foundation of greater goodness —

self-denial. If the honors of the Church allure you, you dash them aside as you would a poisoned cup, asking yourself: 'Can heavenly meekness sit in high places, or how shall the proud preach grace unto the humble? It is hard for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven.' Oh! happy, happy are you if God gives you the victory. The day comes when the first shall be last and the last first.

You are a student of nature. One book alone engrosses your whole heart and mind. No other pages claim your aspiring eye. It is at once your hope, your joy, your adviser, your philosopher, your sage, your teacher, the study of your sober hours, the pastime of your gayer moods. And yet, even while you read, and search, and feast upon its beauties, how oft are you forgetful of the great HAND that fashioned it; the philosopher who utters its wisdom, the poet who breathes in its harmony, the artist who paints its varied scenes, and drink its spiritual nectar without once thinking of the eternal FOUNT from which it springs. This book is the universe, the author, God.

For you there is a beauty in the curling smoke, in the twittering bird-song, in the meadow flower, in the evening star, in the summer rainbow, in the brilliant butterfly, which no man can picture forth with pen or pencil, no human heart conceive. And, in your stormier hours, you see a majesty in the towering, snow-clad mountain-peaks, the rushing torrent, the swift lightning, the gushing volcano, that, were man to realize, would all exhaust his nature and eclipse his life. And for you, no melody like that of the sparkling rivulet and the rustling of the spring boughs; no music like the bursting thunder, or the wild whistle of the wintry winds.

It is evening, and you are dreaming now of all you love. Oh! how you hate the dull routine of the counting-house! What odious shapes the eternal columns of figures, figures, figures, do assume! Were ever brick walls *such* brick walls as these, which hide from you the glorious sky and wide-spread bay? Yes, you are dreaming of the lands where beauty breathes in every thing. You feel the sweet influence of Italia's skies while standing on the ruins of the buried cities, or gazing on the seven-hilled capital. Or yet, you stand in ancient Athens, and hear even now the echo of the old orators' proud eloquence. You are where Byron, injured child of song, performed his noblest deeds and sighed his last breath. Or, still, you wander on the borders of the Rhine, conjuring up strange tales of its battlemented castles; or in other lands lean over the tomb of Napoleon, ruminating on his fallen greatness; or, with more English taste, linger on the shores of Avon and recline in the shadow of Abbotsford.

O student of nature, though they know you only as a plain man, going daily to your down-town prison, flourishing a pen, or ordering about vexatious porters, how much pure poetry, how many beautiful longings are in your soul! You feel a fire within you which can scarce be smothered, never quenched.

And thus there is within this human sphere a world of poetry unwritten and unspoken. Eyes have essenced it when gazing into other eyes, hands sighed it when clasping other hands in sad farewell; the very trees and flowers, the pebbles, rain-drops, sun-shine, all have

breathed it forth upon the earth. Not a farewell has been spoken, nor a welcome given, not a high hope cherished, nor a disappointment felt, not a sigh echoed, nor a smile glistened without its voice of harmony. A bird has never stretched its wing, a fish darted across the sun-lit wave, a breeze played with a trembling bough, a ray of light sought the cup of a lily, a dew-drop nestled in a rose, a star shot across the mid-night sky, or a rainbow spanned the water-fall without symboling forth richer poetry than ever yet has sprung beneath the most gifted pen. A thousand hearts and voices daily breathe forth poetry — the purest poetry ; our very fire-side scenes cherish it ; the world is full of it, and thus has been since the morning stars first sang together, and will be until the fires of eternity dissolve the universe, and the glories of heaven supplant the beauties of earth, flinging over the soul of man the perfection of harmony.

You glory in the title of a Junior, thinking it a very pleasant thing to be domesticated at Nassau Hall, proud Yale, or old Williams. You write home about the cannon-ball that went through the portrait of good king George, and the piece of artillery that a merry set of fellows dragged up from the battle-ground to adorn the campus ; or extol the fine gallery of printings of the immortal Trumbull ; or describe your first excursion up old Saddle Mountain, and think yourself wondrous learned concerning historic relics, or prodigiously travelled. All this is very pleasant.

What a smart lawyer you will make, too ! Oh ! you will be a doctor ? Well, you will out-shine Æsculapius himself. A minister ? The college-dignitaries are nothing to your projected greatness.

You are diligent, very. How you strive for the honors of the class ! Poor fellow ! if all honors were as attainable, we would not pity you. But you are growing thin and pale. Your strength wavers. Home ? Indeed ! must you go home ? And you are appointed to speak, too, at the coming commencement ? But there is no remedy. Thank God that your home lies in the country.

How beautiful the old place looks ! It is right pleasant again to see the great sycamores. How natural, too, seem the fowls about the yard ! The garden is blooming with roses and daffodils ; you recognize some flowers of your own planting, as you look over the white fence.

She meets you at the door — your mother. One word is spoken — that word your name. The tears come in your eyes. ‘Mother — mother — you make a real boy of me !’ you strive through your tears, and never dream of calling yourself a man now.

Weeks roll on. You are getting better ; but they say you have consumption, and the doctor shakes his head when the neighbors ask about you, and every one says, ‘He will die. What a pity ! Such a smart young fellow to die so early !’ Then they speak of the crops and the weather, and quite forget you till the doctor comes round again. This is nothing to you. There is one heart deems you her greatest treasure. How many little devices does she form to amuse you ! A thousand unnecessary steps are taken for your sake, and the ‘dear boy’ is the spring of every action. It is your mother. How often does she enter

your chamber, in the still moon-light, and lean over you to hear if your breath comes true and strong. How gently she presses back the dark hair! how devout is the prayer she utters! You do not feel her holy breath upon your pale cheek; your feeble frame is slumbering, from very faintness, in a dreamless sleep; but her influence is about you, and when you wake, too weak to rise, you rest upon your pillow, thinking on all her love, and wonder how you ever could displease, even in boyhood's waywardness, that devoted, faithful friend. And her words of warning, her earnest appeals for you to leave the follies of youth, and claim the love and protection of the blessed SAVIOUR who died to redeem fallen man — how they sink into your heart! and you murmur prayerfully those eloquent words of Holy Writ:

'Remember now thy CREATOR in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them; while the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars, be not darkened, nor the clouds return after the rain: . . . or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl be broken, or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel broken at the cistern. Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was: and the spirit shall return unto God who gave it. Vanity of vanities, saith the preacher; all is vanity.'

Days pass. You grow stronger. Oh! how joyous is this consciousness of returning health! The skies were never more beautiful, the fields never greener, friends never kinder. You return to college just before commencement.

How your heart beats! Will you fail? That is a fine fellow speaking now. How beautifully he rounds off his sentences! His gestures are perfect, and his voice just of that rich, deep tone which every one must admire. Will he or you come off with the first honor next year? You feel pretty sure, for you are a real student; but you tremble at his eloquence. You are laboring now, too, under a disadvantage. You have been absent so long, and are not half in the spirit of the affair.

There sit your friends, your father, and bright-eyed cousins; you *must* not fail. There sits Fanny, and it would never do to fail; she expects so much from you. Dear Fan, you can't help but love her, she sympathizes so with your proud dreams, and so loves to hear your college speeches during the long vacations. How many times you have made an old log your stage, the forest around your chapel, and with Fan for your auditor, you were a perfect Cicero. Now all this flashes before you with a terrible impertinence. You wish you could let these things go, but — there sits Fanny, looking so hopeful, yet — she trembles too!

Your exceedingly aristocratic name is called, and you walk forth, feeling the humblest son of creation. For three sentences the words come very well, your voice is good, your style excellent; but some how you grow faint, your voice falters. Sentence after sentence passes in a dull, monotonous manner, not the shadow of oratory about them. The 'Phis' themselves almost hiss. That fellow looks perfectly diabolic; how he glories in your failure! You catch Fanny's eye; there is inspiration

in it ! She does not look sarcastic ; there is no ill-concealed smile ; she looks encouragement ; her eyes fairly speak to you ; her whole sympathy is with you ; her lips move ; you *know* what she would say. At once the whole passion of your soul is thrown into your voice and manner. A new strength is given you. A moment since you wished you had never risen ; now you could speak all day. You scarcely pause long enough to breathe, without being greeted by rounds of applause, and when you sit down, the house echoes with your triumph. 'Bravo !' cries your chum, striking you on the shoulder ; but you hear nothing, see nothing. You shade your face with your hand, and know no more till you hear the bustle of the retiring crowd. Then you snatch up your hat. As you pass Fanny, you whisper earnestly, 'A thousand thanks !—you saved me, Fanny !' and hurry on. What a happy, triumphant light shone in her eyes !

You return home once more, now in the glow of health and buoyant spirits. What matters it that friends are crowded round ! What care you for their curious smiles ! You see only your mother, who, filled with joy and thankfulness for your recovery, clasps you in her arms, and whispers, 'God bless you, my dear boy !' You almost lift her from the floor in your glad embrace. You are a man again.

Another year, and you go on to higher studies, from the college to the university, from that to the strifes of your profession. Your bark is fairly launched upon the sea of life. Now, how fade your rain-bows !—how your fairy palaces come tumbling down !—what a hum-drum look every thing assumes ! Do not waver. There are prizes yet worth striving for ; the world is not all that it seems. There is more generous sympathy and frank goodness among men than your unexperienced eye wots of, as you gaze on the outward show. A thousand blessings will weave themselves like flowers about your path. Have a will and a purpose, with a right principle within, and your maturer mind will build structures with sure foundations and of goodly proportions, worth myriads of those fancy temples of your youth's creation.

E P I M E N I D E S .

He went into the woods a laughing boy ;
 Each flower was in his heart ; the happy bird
 Flitting across the morning sun, or heard
 From way-side thicket, was to him a joy ;
 The water-springs, that in their moist employ
 Leapt from their banks, with many an inward word
 Spoke to his soul, and every leaf that stirred
 Found notice from his quickly-glancing eye.
 There wondrous sleep fell on him : many a year
 His lids were closed : youth left him, and he woke
 A careful noter of men's ways ; of clear
 And lofty spirit : sages, when he spoke,
 Forgot their systems, and the worldly-wise
 Shrank from the gaze of truth with baffled eyes.

COUNT EVERARD 'DER GREINER.'

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

I.

COME, listen, ye who take delight
 In deeds of martial fame:
 Full many a hero, many a knight,
 Renowned in peace and bold in fight,
 Our Suabian land may claim.

II.

Of FREDERIC, KARL, and LUDWIG boast,
 Count all your heroes o'er;
 Yet more than he who is the most,
 Is our good COUNT, himself a host,
 And thunder-bolt in war.

III.

And ULRIC too, his sire's delight,
 Who joyed in weapons' clang,
 Brave ULRIC, like his sire in might,
 No backward step took he in fight,
 When helm and harness rang!

IV.

Ill brooked the REUTLINGERS his fame,
 But nursed a secret spite,
 And strove the victor's wreath to claim.
 So panoplied in mail they came,
 And dared him to the fight.

V.

He met them, but no victory won,
 And home his warriors led,
 The angry sire frowned on his son,
 Who wandered from his sight alone,
 And bitter tear-drops shed.

VI.

He cried, 'Ye varlets! never fear
 That I'll forget this day!
 By my stern father's beard I swear
 This stain from my good shield to clear,
 In many a bloody fray!

VII.

And soon enow came cause therefor,
 And warriors, many a one,
 To Döffingen their lances bore;
 Loud rung the iron din of war:
 Hurrah! the fight's begun!

VIII.

The lost field is our battle shout,
As on the foe we dash :
It bore us on with courage stout,
'Mid blood and smoke, and murderous rout,
And splintering lances' crash.

IX.

With noble rage our ULRIC glowed,
As blow on blow he gave ;
Before him desolation strode,
Wailing and woe behind him trode,
While round him yawned the grave !

X.

But woe is me ! that I should tell
The stroke that laid him low ;
We thronged around him where he fell :
In vain ! he's dead we loved so well,
Clay-cold that noble brow !

XI.

Confusion stemmed the battle's tide,
All hearts were bowed with woe :
High o'er the fray the sire did ride :
'My son is but a man !' he cried,
'March, children, on the foe !'

XII.

Then turned we fiercely to the fray,
Revenge inflamed us all ;
O'er heaps of dead we fought our way,
The foe, o'erwhelmed with wild dismay,
In terror fly or fall.

XIII.

And back to camp we came again,
Our trumpets ringing clear,
And wife and child, a joyous train,
Came forth to meet us on the plain,
With song and festive cheer.

XIV.

But our good Lord — what did he now ?
Alone by his dead son,
The old man sat with muffled brow,
While down his cheeks, in troubled flow,
The burning tear-drops run.

XV.

And we, a sympathizing band,
Press round him lovingly ;
Alone 'mong heroes doth he stand ;
The thunder's might is in his hand,
His country's star is he !

XVI.

Then listen, ye who take delight
 In deeds of martial fame;
 For many a hero, many a knight,
 Renowned in peace and stout in fight,
 Our Suabian land may claim!

O L D M A Y : A S K E T C H .

BY A. WALLACE HUNTER.

I KNOW not how far I am justified in revealing to the world at large the *peccadillos* of a respectable colored individual long since gathered to his fathers. I am somewhat fearful, too, in these days of spiritual 'rappings,' that the gentleman in question may feel inclined to rap me over the knuckles for thus posting him in the columns of the KNICKER-BOCKER. Should he do so, the public shall certainly know it.

In one of the *Old Thirteen*, and not far from the good city of S——, there is an island, whose eastern shores are washed by the Thunderbolt river. Upon this island the Ecallow have dwelt from the first settlement of the State, and being thrifty, frugal, and industrious, had increased greatly in worldly wealth. But my story is not with them. The hero of my tale is a superannuated negro, who, having long since passed the boundary of working life, was now living on the well-earned laurels of his youthful days, and the more substantial bounty of his mistress.

Some ten years ago, in the plenitude of his wisdom, he came to the conclusion that he had been too long 'hiding his light under a bushel,' and resolved upon astonishing the natives of the sober city of S——, with the 'darkness visible' of his countenance.

Having obtained permission and 'material' aid from his indulgent mistress, he gathered up his 'personal property,' kissed his wife, and bade adieu to the island.

Our venerable hero rejoiced in the patronymic of May, surnamed the 'Old,' to distinguish him from one of the rising generation who bore the same name. Old May was a gentleman of *l'ancien regime*; polite, polished, and a perfect master of the 'double-shuffle.' In person he was of medium height; his hair was decidedly gray, but well-crisped and curled; his legs were somewhat wider apart at the knees than at any other place; and his feet none of the smallest, proving most undeniably that he was a man of large understanding, if not well-versed in the 'humanities.' His eyes were keen and bright, and I have no doubt but what he was fully justified in boasting that he could see as far through a mill-stone as the man that was chipping it. His teeth,

unlike those of a certain unfortunate and deeply-to-be-regretted colored gentleman, were in an excellent state of preservation — sharp, white, and regular.

His wife, yeleft Jinny, was some ten years his senior, and — ‘not to put too fine a point upon it’ — unmistakably ugly. Toothless, bald, and almost sightless, she was not suited to mate with such a sharp-eyed old eagle as May, and, upon his departure, was consigned to the care of his children.

In due time, Old May, by a series of introductions, was moving in the highest and most fashionable colored circles of the city. Tidings of his ‘carryings-on’ were duly wafted over Thunderbolt to the ears of his *cara sposa*, who, with an ejaculative Humph! would exclaim against his perfidy, and then, sinking back into her chair, smoke the pipe of meditation and tobacco.

Now it chanced one evening, at a fashionable *réunion*, that May became acquainted with a dusky belle of twenty summers, who bore the euphonious name of Sal.

‘To see her was to love her;’ to know her was to determine to win her. Many a love-smitten youth had sighed and sighed again at her feet; but vain were all their hopes, and futile their expectations. Dark were their threats of suicide, and terrible the vengeance vowed upon the head of the fortunate possessor of her dusky hand.

Old May, well-versed in all the ways, manœuvres, and stratagems of love, was likewise a suitor for her hand, and, despite the savage frowns and fearful threats of a score of non-suited rivals, soon led the blooming maiden to the altar.

As for his rivals, they avenged themselves by making fierce onslaughts upon the provender set before them at the marriage-feast, and cracking miserable jokes over excellent ginger-pop, to the detriment of tightly-laced belles.

It was said, indeed, by envious scandal-mongers, that like many of her white sisters, Sal had sold herself for wealth, as rumor asserted that May was as well supplied with money as with years.

Two old maids, who had each looked upon May as her especial property, (he certainly had not paid them marked attention,) waxed very wroth, and, ascertaining that his first wife was living, laid the matter before the Church.

Had this sable imitator of an Oriental custom been of the Caucasian race, he would have certainly been indicted for bigamy, and furnished with apartments at the State’s Hotel. If the law, however, was regardless of this dereliction, the Church was not; and accordingly, Old May was summoned to appear before the African Baptist Church, of which he was a member.

On the ensuing Sunday, the bridegroom and bride, in no wise daunted, were brought up before the congregation for trial. Their guilt was clear; and the colored preacher, after admonishing May of the magnitude of the sin of which he had been guilty, threatened him with the wrath of the Church if he did not put away Sal, and re-swear allegiance to his former spouse. In fact, if he did not comply with these reasonable demands, he would be excommunicated.

May at this moment seemed either buried in deep thought, or intently engaged in the very interesting occupation of observing the erratic movements of a green-bottled fly which had just settled upon the wall. Beneath that drab coat, tightly buttoned up under the chin, there beat a heart, and in that heart was a mighty struggle between love and duty.

A deep-drawn sigh announced his cogitations at an end, and a glance of affection upon his anxious bride betrayed the result of his mental deliberations. Turning toward the pulpit, he exclaimed; with all the ardor of a newly-wedded man :

‘Exercummunicate me ef you want, but gib *me* de young wife and takee de ole ’oman ! Come, Sal, les us go !’

So saying, he ducked his head in the most approved style to the astonished divine, and tucking his bride under his arm, the pair sailed down the aisle with flying colors.

Strange to relate, and to his honor be it written, engrossed as he was with his young wife, Old May never failed to make the most minute inquiries as to the state of old Jinny’s health, of any of his former fellow-servitors whom he chanced to meet in S——.

Truly first-love is the purest and most lasting of all earthly attachments ! Oh ! noble — would that I could add, virtuous — husband ! Though linked to a second Eve, you forgot not the partner of your youthful days !

Rail on, ye cynical philosophers ! Mock at love, and deride what ye have failed to experience. Look upon this picture of fidelity, and recal your tirades against that winged nudity whom mortals style Cupid. Ponder well, read, and digest, and be wise in future.

‘How’s dat bressed ole soul, Jinny, dis mornin’ ?’ demanded May, one fine day in April, of one of the island negroes who chanced to be in S——.

‘Poor soul ! I’m ’feard she’ll soon be food for de wurrums !’ was the response.

‘Wha’ dat ! Ole Jimmy dead ! Eh, Jim ?’ demanded May, in a voice husky with age and emotion.

‘Not zackly dead ; but de ole ’oman was mity bad off dis mornin’.’

‘Bress de LORD !’ ejaculated the sorrowing husband ; and with a desperate hitch at his inexpressibles, he started for Thunderbolt.

‘Whar you goin’ in sich a hurry ?’ demanded one of his friends.

‘Ole Jinny’s a-dyin’ !’ was the brief response.

O model of a husband ! Let thy speed and apparent contrition be a lesson unto faithless husbands. Clothe his feet with thy sandals — deck his shoulders with thy wings, O Mercury ! Infuse into his being the life and vigor of a Hercules, O Jupiter ! and make the flesh equal unto the spirit.

See how the dust rises in clouds behind his flying feet ; listen to the pantings of his breast ; hear him as he gasps and groans like a Mississippi steam-boat in a race ! The river is reached ; he flings himself into his skiff ; clutches the paddle with nervous hands, and the eddy-ing circles in his rear mark the course of the loving husband.

Onward ! onward ! is the cry. The shore is gained at last, and with

a loud 'blow,' like the triumphant scream of the winning boat, Old May springs upon the bank, and hurries by the well-known path to the negro-quarters.

At last, faithful though erring man, thy foot is upon the remembered threshold, and the glad smile of welcome of the forsaken wife will be testimony of her forgiveness. Positive are we that you would cry *peccavi*! and throw yourself, weeping bitter tears of sorrow, upon her neck, knew you but the word and the signification thereof. Content thyself with the expressive African-Anglo-Saxon, and make open confession.

He has entered the cabin, and advancing toward the bed, looks upon the dying form of old Jinny. Alas! there is no affection in the gaze, no tears of regret welling up in those eager eyes; for he turns quickly away and glances around the apartment. Every thing is in its accustomed place, and he breathes freely. A new phase in his character. Could we have been deceived, and by such a man? He calls on his wife; but she has sunk into an uneasy slumber, and hears him not. Alas! alas! for poor human nature! Man is but mortal, and greater men than you, Old May, served their royal master William even worse than you are about to serve your dying wife. He quietly gathers up every movable article in the room and from out of the great lumbering chest that lies halfhid under the bed, and places them in the centre of the room.

Thus, then, is the extraordinary speed displayed in his journey accounted for; this the result of his anxiety and solicitude—his inquiries into the state of poor Jinny's health. The 'gathering' being accomplished, May called Wash and young Nick to his side. (These were the fruits of his marriage with Jinny.)

'It neber shall be said dat Ole May did n't ac' what 's fair an' honest with his own chillen,' said he; 'and now, you Wash and young Nick, I 'se about to dervide de prop'ty.'

Taking up the most valuable article, he put it to one side, saying, 'Dis fur me!' Picking up another, he handed it to Wash, with a 'Dat fur you! Dis fur me! Dat fur young Nick! Dis fur me! Dat fur you, Wash!' etc.

By this ingenious and scientific method of division, Old May realized one-half instead of one-third of the articles in number, and three-fourths in value.

'Is you bofe satisfied?'

'Yes, Daddy,' was the immediate response.

'Den put yer fixin's away, or some body 'll tief 'em fur you. You sees how I ties mine up. Wash push dat ole chist bock under de bed.'

Meanwhile, Jinny, having been roused from her sleep by the noise, recognized the voice of her husband, and called him to her side. May obeyed the call; and as he passed his arm beneath the pillow, to support his wife's head, his mistress entered the room, accompanied by the negro preacher. She darted a severe glance at May, as she entered the cabin; but observing how he was employed, gave him a kind nod, and told him to tell his wife that Daddy Abraham and her mistress had come.

Poor Jinny died that night; and Old May, fearing that —— might hear of his 'derviding' the spoils, placed all his lately-acquired wealth in his skiff, and departed for S —— 'between two days.'

Sal was easily consoled and more than compensated for one night's desertion, by the kerchiefs and calicoes which formed a portion of the 'legacy.'

And to crown their happiness, being no longer considered a bigamist, May was, after a due lapse of time, reinstated as a deacon of his church.

P O O R B L A N C H E .

I.

Do they pass thee, poor BLANCHE, with a glance of disdain,
The play-mates once gayest when grouped by thy side,
Ere Childhood had learned its free smiles to restrain,
Or Friendship been shamed by the lessons of Pride?

II.

At church, as at school, do they nestle apart,
And eye thee, forlorn, with contemptuous airs?
Because thy meek brow flaunts no marvel of art,
And thy limbs are less graced by the silk-worm than theirs?

III.

Yet be not cast down by the spurnings of scorn,
Let them spring from the goldenest splendors of earth;
For of all the poor pridelings that ever were born,
The poorest is wealth unaccompanied by worth.

IV.

The treasures of Ophirs and oceans combined,
Of themselves could nor beauty nor virtue impart;
His broad lands expand not the churl's narrow mind,
Nor his heaped coffers better his want of a heart.

V.

In thy journey of life, then, be Patience thy guide,
Serenely reliant, in tempest or calm;
Through the thorns of contempt and the nettles of pride
She will lead thy chafed soul to her gardens of balm.

VI.

There, lapped in lush blossoms of heart's-ease at last,
Thou wilt feel not the wounds that erewhile were so sore;
But, smiling, look back o'er the rugged ways past,
And gather fresh strength for e'en rougher before.

W. P. P

New-York, 1834.

S T A N Z A S

'THE GRASS WITHERETH THE FLOWER FADETH

WITHERING! ere the golden summer go,
 Aye, before 'the mower fills his hand;'
 Fading, fading! wherefore haste ye so?
 Ye that deck the smiling, fruitful land:
 Herbage green — gay flowers!

While we tread this carpet, freshly spread,
 Stoop to dally with its thick-sown gems,
 Sinks the wavy verdure, dull and dead,
 Droop the sullied blossoms down their stems:
 Fragile, transient flowers!

Beings fair and bright, who round us hover
 In earth's light uncertain, half a shade!
 Scarce your loveliness our eyes discover,
 Ere from our home-bowers ye swiftly fade:
 Why so like the flowers?

With the balmy breathing of their spring,
 Innocent of ill, some flit away;
 Softly borne by pitying angel's wing,
 Far from earth's chill airs or scorching ray:
 Heavenly-nurtured flowers!

In the midst of Life's unclouded splendor,
 Others stricken, without warning, fall;
 Stalwart man, or woman sweet and tender,
 Come and strew upon their heavy pall
 Mournful yew — pale flowers!

Garners full in Autumn's tranquil weather,
 Gorgeous hues light up the woodland scene;
 But the grass and flowers lie dead together
 O'er the mounds that Summer saw so green —
 Over other flowers!

Mantle pure for all the landscape weaving,
 Hideth Winter all that falls or fades;
 Withered grass in shining crystal leaving,
 Mimic flowers along its prisoned blades,
 Cold and scentless flowers!

Thus, while from our saddened pathway fadeth
 One and other, in their morn or noon,
 Or when eve the forward prospect shadeth,
 Either lot may be indeed a boon;
 Early taken, still the perfume lingers,
 Wafted from the crushed and fallen leaves:

To-day we did not see a single ship, but toward night, we shipped a devil of a sea.

For there was a storm. The great ocean was like a giant, mad with passion. He lashed himself, and beat his breast; foamed with anger, and swelled with rage; and his awful voice was that of an angry god. But when the storm of passion passed, for hours and hours he moaned and sobbed like a repentant soul.

Sitting to-day with Felix, in the 'smoking-room' of the ship, discussing politics and punches, we hear from a small waiter the cry, 'A whale! — a whale!' Up we rush on deck, as usual, just too late to see him; for his whale-ship, after his first appearance, went down, for divers reasons, and was no more seen. We return and find the waiter missing, and also the punches, and we suspect a 'sell.' I advise the small waiter that another such performance will give him some new ideas on the subject of 'whaling;' and Felix, returning with two more toddies, curses him for a confounded son of a sea-cook.

'I wonder,' quoth Felix, who swallowed his indignation with his toddy, 'if these inhabitants of the sea have any language, or other means of communication with each other?' 'Oh! certainly,' said I; 'in fact, I fancy they are much as we are. Give me a 'light,' and I'll tell you.'

All the big fish and small fry lately met in convention, to take into consideration the conduct of the ocean, and also of mankind in general. The Whale was *ex-officio* President, and from his greatness, might be termed the Prince of Whales. He opened the convention by stating that he did not wish to make a speech; he would take up as little room and be no longer than possible. The Shark whispered to the Sword-fish that it was not possible for the Whale to be much longer, for he was eighty feet now; in his opinion he only wanted a chance to spout, and he considered him a regular old blower. The Whale continued that, notwithstanding his great size, (he might add tears,) he was not exempt from suffering. He had been grossly insulted by man; he would say lampooned; not that he would pun upon the use made of his fat, as he did not wish to make light of such a matter. He had been harpooned, at least. Man was sarcastic toward him, and his shafts were sharp and pointed. Some of his fellow-whales had been very much cut up, and exceedingly *tried*. He had lately learned that a substitute for oil had been invented, which might lessen the persecution of whales; but he feared it was all gas. The Whale alluded to a harpoon which had lately hit him; it had made a great impression on him, and he feared had affected him deeply. Here his feelings overpowered him, and he sat down, (on the Shark,) amid a general blubber.

The Shark rose with some difficulty, and remarked that the tail of the Whale had moved him; in fact, it was very striking. His own situation was far from pleasant. He was by profession a lawyer, and he flattered himself one of the deep kind; but business was bad, and he had been obliged to take in a few pupils. He had lately presented a fine opening for a young man who fell over-board, but was afterward obliged to reject his suit as indigestible. Unless he had more cases, he

should leave the law, and open as a dentist, as he was well acquainted with the art of setting teeth. He then held up one fin, as a signal that he had finished.

The Sea-Serpent did not wish to intrude upon the convention, as he did not know whether he properly belonged to the fish-tribe or not, and he would not appear officious. All he asked was, not to be classed with the Eel, whom he considered a slippery character. Lately, he was quietly passing a certain species of the eel, when happening just to touch him, he had been so shocked that he had hardly recovered. The Eel hastily rose and said that he was electrified at these remarks. It was evident to him that the Serpent was more than half-seas-over, and if he was not careful, would get himself into a regular coil. As for his being 'a slippery character,' he thanked Neptune he did n't belong to such a scaly set as the Serpent. The Whale called the Eel to order, and the Eel called the Whale a confounded old swell-head, and was then put out of the convention.

The Turtle was suffering from a slight indisposition. He was walking ashore, a short time since, when he met a party of jolly sailors. The result was that he was laid flat on his back, and was unable to move for some time, and since he had not felt as lively as usual. There was one thing to which he would call the attention of the convention: he prided himself upon the purity of his political principles; he was the alderman's best friend. The Shark had lately insulted him by calling him 'regular old hard-shell.' Here the Shark interrupted him, by asking if that was not his *case*? The Turtle replied that he should say nothing more at present, but should have something to lay before the next meeting. The Shark, contemptuously, 'Yes, a few eggs probably.'

The Porpoise did not exactly understand the purpose of the convention, nor whether all the members were present. The Secretary should call the *roll*. The Whale called him to order, and was sorry to see him reeling about in that disgraceful condition. His motion was entirely out of order, and he appeared to be attempting to get up a revolution. The Porpoise assured the convention that his movements proceeded entirely from the motion of the waves, but still he would waive his motion.

The President remarked that he should be happy to hear from some of the small fry, the Oyster, Lobster, and others, who, if not the 'bone and sinew' of the tribe, were at least the Muscles. The Oyster proceeded to open his case, which was a hard one. He was continually in trouble, and always in some stew or broil. He had family troubles also; his half-brother the Clam was a disgrace to the family, always in liquor, and generally considered a 'squirt.' Some of his family were very lazy, and spent most of their time in their beds. There had been also some rakes among them, creating a great disturbance. He was most respectable himself: his father was quite distinguished, and his maternal ancestor was 'Mother-of-pearl.' He went in for his own rights, and did not care whether the rest got theirs or not. (The Jew-Fish remarked that 'dat vosh very shelfish.') The Oyster continued: there was one of his neighbors — he would not call any names — who

was very surly and crabbed; that he was a one-sided individual, and no one approved of his motions. The Crab protested against this abuse, and said that the rest took advantage of him because he was 'soft.'

Here the Cod-Fish entered, and apologized for his lateness, as he had been visiting a school. He thought the Whale was badly off, since men took his oil to make lights of. His own case was the reverse of this; they took his lights, (and liver too, for that matter,) to make oil of. This might be very good for consumption, but it was confounded bad for him. The most alarming kind he had ever heard of was the consumption of cod-fish. It might be very good fun for men to cut him open and salt him, but to hang him up afterward, was rather too dry a joke. The Herring said that there had been a disposition manifested to play tricks of this kind in his school, and that lately some of his companions had been badly smoked.

The Shad, too, in his spring migrations up the rivers, had been greatly persecuted, particularly by the members of the Legislature. Men had greatly nettled him, and had nearly driven him *insane*. He was not a superstitious fish, but a most unlucky day to him was fry-day. However, he thought his enemies had suffered somewhat in the warfare, and had found his tail, at least, a regular bony-part. (The Flat-fish was not particularly flattering in reply to the Shad; for he did not believe there was a shadow of truth in his remarks.)

The Salmon, also, had his troubles. He was an aristocrat, not of the cod-fish kind either, and did not associate much with the small-fry. He spent most of his time in travel, and, in summer, went up the inland rivers, and took his family to the Springs and the Falls. He had been lately much afflicted and grossly maltreated at the South. Passing up the Savannah River, his family had been surrounded by a party of infamous kidnappers, and some of his children had been 'hooked.' It was his intention to inform Uncles Tom and Sam of this outrage, and the Union would be dissolved immediately. Here there was a regular row among the small-fry. The Trout called the Salmon a Northern fish, with Northern principles, who had no business poking his nose up Southern rivers. He considered the story of the Salmon all gammon, and got up for political effect. He was a small fish himself, but any insults to his native streams he would not brook. The Flying-Fish flew into a tremendous passion, and appealed to the Blackfish if he was not as well treated as any white bait. The Blackfish modestly thanked Neptune that, though his back was black, his belly was white. Just then there was a great disturbance, also, among sundry others of the small-fry, who had evidently been drinking. There was a lot of Suckers who were very much inebriated; and one small fish sung, at the top of his gills, that he was 'a jolly old Sole;' and amid the general row, there was such a din and noise that — Felix and I concluded it was the ship's dinner-gong, as indeed it was.

Every day, after dinner, we used to smoke our quiet segars in the after-part of the ship, and watch the swelling waves. Back of us, for miles we can trace the ship's white track marked in foam. It seems

like our own way in life, and we can see its many windings, turnings, and deviations from the straight course. It is the past alone. Before us yet are mists and uncertainty ; clouds, perhaps, and storms.

Beautiful, at sea, indeed, is sun-set, when the waves are turned to molten gold. Later, the moon-beams lie across the stretch of waters, like great bars of silver. Morning, noon, and evening, the glories of the sea are ever-varying but ever grand.

Far away in the west, we can see the peaks of Utopia through the purple clouds, bathed with the setting sun-light. Far across the waters steal upon our senses the sweetness of its spices and the fragrance of its flowers. Thither let us hasten, O my Felix ! And there, far from these storm-tossed seas, these whirlwinds of passions, these shipwrecks of the soul, let our heads silver in quiet happiness, and peace, and rest.

L I N E S : ' K I S S M E ! '

BY A. FLOYD PRAZER.

I.

'Kiss me!' said an artless child,
Tossing her sunny curls aside,
And clasping then, with dimpled arms,
A youthful mother's neck with pride:
'Kiss me!' she said, 'my mother, *now*,'
As though unseen electric chords
Were charged with eloquence of love,
Which might not breathe or speak in words.

II.

'Kiss me!' said a maiden fair,
As she twined, with a graceful hand,
Her parting lover's raven locks,
Ere he sped to a far-off land:
'Kiss me!' she said, in sweetest tone,
'And leave thy truest love with me;
My heart shall blend its own with thine,
And bring them both unchanged to thee.'

III.

'Kiss me!' said a dying boy,
As a tear strayed down his pallid cheek,
And nearer drew his sister's ear,
To catch that voice, so soft and weak:
'Kiss me!' he said, 'I'm dying now,
As fade the sun-set hues of even;
But sister, I will watch for thee,
And meet thee at the gates of heaven!'

THE OLD GRAY HARPER.

THE belted knight and the baron bold
Are gone to primeval dust,
And the silent sepulchre's arms infold
Their stalwart forms, and the knell hath told
That ushered their souls into centuries old,
With a fervent faith and trust.

Their hearts are still in the starless grave,
And hushed is their anxious beat;
They mouldered alike with the serf and the slave;
The noble, the beautiful, valiant, and brave,
The arm of the warrior, heart of the knave,
Are mould at the passer's feet.

The harp is mute in the festal hall,
The jovial roundelay;
No warriors arm at the warder's call,
And the owl and the bat hold their carnival
Where the ivy creeps o'er the cold, dank wall,
With its ruined turret gray.

A bat flies in and a bat flies out,
And, sighing, the wind doth moan;
It rustles those dark-green leaves about;
In the place of the revel and wassail rout,
The troubadour's song, and the merry shout,
We hear but its voice alone.

It seems to sigh for the days of old,
And mourn o'er the years departed,
As some old harper that, chill and cold,
Still telleth a tale of the barons bold,
Fierce as the sea, and as uncontrolled,
The fearless and lion-hearted.

How gladly his hand o'er his harp he flings,
With a minstrelsy rich and golden!
Where the yule-log flickered he sitteth and sings;
He toucheth his harp, with its unseen strings,
And bright-winged thoughts from the past he brings,
Dead years, long past and olden.

The old gray minstrel that dwelleth here,
Through many long years hath spoken
Of the lady fair, when the crystal tear
Hath fallen, a jewel, beside the bier
Of him whom she treasured with hope and fear,
Lest the cord of her love be broken.

And still he sitteth, and still he sings
With a minstrelsy rich and golden;
Where the yule-log flickered he sitteth and sings;
He toucheth his harp with its unseen strings,
And bright-winged thoughts from the past he brings,
Dead years, long past and olden.

IOTHUS.

L I T E R A R Y N O T I C E S .

THE POETS AND POETRY OF EUROPE: With Introductions and Biographical Notices.
By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. In one volume: pp. 779. New-York: CHARLES
S. FRANCIS AND COMPANY. London: SAMFSON, LOW, SON AND COMPANY.

WELL and wisely was the preparation of this comprehensive and valuable work committed to the hands of Professor LONGFELLOW. Himself a poet of wide renown, an accomplished scholar, acquainted with nearly all the modern languages of Europe, which he writes and speaks with a perfection rarely attained by an Englishman or an American; of severe and delicate taste, and a love of research that no difficulty can daunt, he was the man of all others who should have been chosen to accomplish the task of which he has so nobly acquitted himself. Mr. LONGFELLOW has certainly very many of the qualities which enter into the 'standard' of a true poet, as described by ALFONSO DE BAENA, the old Spanish Jew, whom he quotes in his preface: for 'discreetly and correctly he can create and arrange, and compose and polish, and scan and measure feet, and pauses, and rhymes, and syllables;' he has 'a noble and ready invention, elevated and pure discretion, sound and steady judgment;' he has 'seen, and heard, and read many and divers books and writings;' and what is more, he has the skill and the practice of turning all this rich and various knowledge to the best account.

In the volume before us, Professor LONGFELLOW has brought together, in a compact and convenient form, as large an amount as possible of those English translations which are scattered through many volumes, and are not accessible to the general reader. In doing this, he has treated the subject historically rather than critically. 'The materials have in consequence,' he remarks, 'been arranged according to their dates; and in order to render the literary history of the various countries as complete as these materials and the limits of a single volume would allow, an author of no great note has sometimes been admitted, or a poem which a severer taste would have excluded. The work is to be regarded as a collection, rather than as a selection; and in judging any author, it must be borne in mind that translations do not always preserve the rhythm and melody of the original, but often resemble soldiers moving onward when the music has ceased, and time is only measured by the tap of the drum.' The languages from which the translations in this volume are presented are ten. They embrace the six Gothic languages of the North of Europe — Anglo-Saxon, Icelandic, Danish,

Swedish, German, and Dutch; and the four Latin languages of the South of Europe — French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese. 'In order,' modestly remarks the editor, 'to make the work fulfil entirely the promise of its title, the Celtic and Slavonic, as likewise the Turkish and Romaic, should have been introduced; but with these I am not acquainted, and I therefore leave them to some other hand, hoping that ere long a volume may be added to this, which shall embrace all the remaining European tongues.' A large portion of the biographical sketches prefixed to the translations are awarded to Professor C. C. FELTON, and admirably succinct and comprehensive they are. If this acknowledgment includes a like proportion of the critical 'Introductions,' we may well say of the two learned professors, '*Par nobile fratrum.*' Our dog's-eared pages in this fruitful volume are 'thick as *leaves* in Vallambrosa:' a few selections we make, but *not* 'without stint.' Of Anglo-Saxon poetry, we may say that we have never yet encountered a single example of it that we could recal long after perusal. Yet we defer to the better judgment of Professor LONGFELLOW, who hopes that the specimens here given 'may lead many to the study of that venerable language. Through such gate-ways, it is true, they will pass into no gay palace of song; but among the dark chambers and mouldering walls of an old national literature, all weather-stained and in ruins. They will find, however, venerable names recorded on those walls, and inscriptions worth the trouble of deciphering.' *Chacun à son goût*: meanwhile, leaving BEOWOLF, CÆDMON, King ALFRED, and the like, to those who affect them, we come down to a period a little farther this side of the great Freshet, personally regretting that there does not appear to have been a poet of that remote era who could write half so good a poem as the 'Saga of the Skeleton in Armor,' or 'The Village Blacksmith.' The German muse is well and liberally represented. We subjoin a few examples, not because they will be new to all our readers, but for the reason that we desire to secure their preservation in these pages. From VON SALIS, whose poems are characterized by a soft melancholy and deep feeling, and whose genius resembles that of MATTHISSON, we quote the '*Song of the Silent Land*.'

'Into the Silent Land!
Ah! who shall lead us thither?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh! thither,
Into the Silent Land?

'Into the Silent Land!
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection! Tender morning-visions
Of beauteous souls! The future's pledge and band!
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land!

'O Land! O Land!
For all the broken-hearted,
The mildest herald, by our fate allotted,
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed,
Into the Silent Land!

To our conception, UHLAND is among the most musical, tender, and pathetic of all the German poets whose verses have come in our way. There is one brief poem of his, (if we are not wrong in attributing it to his pen,) which we are sorry not to see included in the present collection. It runs as follows:

'Sweet Sabbath of the year!
Thy evening lights decay;
Thy parting steps methinks I hear
Steal from the world away.

'Amidst thy silent bowers
'Tis sad yet sweet to dwell,
Where falling leaves and fading flowers
Around us breathe 'farewell!'

'A deep and crimson streak
The dying leaves disclose,
As on *Consumption's* waning cheek
'Mid ruin blooms the rose.

'The scene each vision brings
Of beauty in decay,
Of fair and early-fading things,
Too exquisite to stay.

'Of loves that are no more;
Of flowers whose bloom has fled;
Of farewells wept upon the shore;
Of friends estranged or dead.

'Of *all* that now may seem
To memory's tearful eye
The vanished raptures of a dream,
O'er which we gaze and sigh!'

Very characteristic both of the heart and the style of this lovable author are the lines, '*On the Death of a Country Clergyman*,' a simple tribute to a departed friend, whose counterpart is in our mind as we write:

'If in departed souls the power remain
These earthly scenes to visit once again,
Not in the night thy visit wilt thou make,
When only sorrowing and longing wake.
No! in some summer morning's light serene,
When not a cloud upon the sky is seen;
When high the golden harvest rears its head,
All interspersed with flowers of blue and red,
Thou, as of yore, around the fields wilt walk,
Greeting the reapers with mild, friendly talk.'

Many years ago '*The Passage*' was translated for the KNICKERBOCKER; but it was less felicitously rendered than in the present version, which we subjoin:

'MANY a year is in its grave
Since I crossed this restless wave;
And the evening, fair as ever,
Shines on ruin, rock and river.

'Then in this same boat beside,
Sat two comrades, old and tried:
One with all a father's truth,
One with all the fire of youth.

'One on earth in silence wrought,
And his grave in silence sought;
But the younger, brighter form,
Passed in battle and in storm.

'So whene'er I turn my eye
Back upon the days gone by,
Saddening thoughts of friends come o'er me,
Friends that closed their course before me.

'But what binds us friend to friend,
But that soul with soul can blend?
Soul-like were those hours of yore;
Let us walk in soul once more.

'Take, O boat-man, thrice thy fee —
Take, I give it willingly;
For, invisible to thee,
Spirits twain have crossed with me.'

If the reader would partake of the spirit which animates those who in battle 'dare to do or die,' let him peruse '*Blücher's Ball*,' describing the battle of Katzbach, from the German of ADOLF LUDWIG FOLLEN, a brother of CHARLES FOLLEN, whose name is so well known in the United States. It was originally translated for this Magazine by Professor FELTON. It has the clash of bayonets, the whizzing and roaring of bullets and balls, 'the noise of the captains and the shouting,' and all under the similitude of a ball. We could wish that Mr. LONGFELLOW had made one or two brief selections from the prose of FATHER ABRAHAM A SANCTA CLARA, in the translations of the late lamented DANIEL SEYMOUR, in the tenth volume of the KNICKERBOCKER, to which he refers. There were very quaint and Germanic, and on occasion extremely effective and pathetic passages, in those papers. The following is quoted, as bearing a striking resemblance to JEREMY TAYLOR:

'I SEEM to see in fancy, holy BACHOMIUS in the wilderness, where he chose him a dwelling among hollow clefts of rock, which abode consisted in naught but four crooked posts, with a transparent covering of dried boughs. And he, when wearied with singing psalms, resorting to labor, lest the Old Serpent should catch him unemployed, and weaving rude coverings of thatch, sits by a rock, wherefrom flow forth silver veins of water, which make a pleasing murmur in their crystal descent, while around him on the green boughs play the birds of the forest, who, with their natural cadences, and the clear-sounding flutes of their throats, joining *pleno choro*, transform the wood into a concert; and the agile deer, the bleating hares, the chirping insects are his constant companions, unharmed and unharmed, all which furnishes him with solace and contentment. But it seemeth to me that our devout hermit delighteth himself more especially in the echo which sends him back his loud sighs and petitions, as when the holy anchorite cries, 'O merciful CHRIST!' the echo, that unembodied thief, steals away the words and returns them back to him. But is he too sorely tempted, and doth he exclaim, in holy impatience, 'O thou accursed devil!' the echo lays aside its devout language, and sounds back to him, 'Thou accursed devil!' In a word, as a man treats Echo, so does Echo treat him.

'Now, God is just like this voice of the woods; for it is an unquestioned truth that, as we demean ourselves toward God, so he demeaneth himself toward us.'

We can't say that we greatly fancy the piece of verse quoted from FATHER ABRAHAM; nor for that matter, does the editor who cites it. It has been often said that the Dutch have 'no poetry in their souls.' Not so: for example, read the following, which not only evinces a poetical eye, but the true genial, genuine KNICKERBOCKER benevolence of feeling, and simple goodness of heart. It is from a '*Winter Evening's Song*,' by TOLLENS, a Rotter-

dam bard, of the time of 1778. Perhaps we are the more impressed with it on this snowy, rainy, blustering January night, than we should be had we read it under other circumstances :

'THE storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude;
Thank HEAVEN! with blazing coals and wood,
We sit in comfort here!
The trees, as whitest down, are white,
The river hard as lead;
Sweet mistress, why this blank to-night?
There's punch so warm and wine so bright,
And sheltering roof and bread.

'And if a friend should pass this way,
We give him flesh and fish,
And sometimes game adorns the dish;
It chances as it may.
And every birth-day festival
Some extra tarts appear;
An extra glass of wine for all;
While to the child, or great or small,
We drink the happy year.

'Poor beggars, all the city through,
That wander! — pity knows
That if it rains, or hails, or snows,
No difference 'tis to you.
Your children's birth-days come — no throng
Of friends approach your door;
'Tis a long suffering, sad as long;
No fire to warm — to cheer, no song —
No presents for the poor.

'And should not we far better be,
We, far more blest than they?
Our winter-hearth is bright and gay,
Our wine-cups full and free.
And we were wrought in finer mould,
And made of purer clay:
God's holy eyes, that all behold,
Chose for our garments gems and gold,
And made *them* rags display.

'I? — better I? Oh! would 't were so!
I am perplexed, in sooth;
I wish, I wish you'd speak the truth:
You do not speak it — no!
Who knows? — I know not — but that vest,
That's pieced and patched all through,
May wrap a very honest breast,
Of evil purged, by good possessed,
Generous, and just, and true.

'And can it be? Indeed it can,
That I so favored stand,
And he, the offspring of God's hand,
A poor, deserted man.
And then I sit to muse, I sit
The riddle to unravel;
I strain my thoughts, I tax my wit;
The less my thoughts can compass it,
The more they toil and travel.

'And thus, and thus alone I see,
When poring o'er and o'er,
That I can give unto the poor,
But not the poor to me:

That having more than I require,
That more I'm bound to spread,
Give from my hearth a spark of fire,
Drops from my cup, and feed desire
With morsels of my bread.'

'And thus I found that scattering round
Blessings on mortal track,
The riddle ceased my brains to rack,
And my torn heart grew sound.
The storm-winds blow both sharp and sere,
The cold is bitter rude,
Come, beggar, come, our garments bear,
A portion of our dwelling share,
A morsel of our food.

'List! boys and girls! — the hour is late,
There's some one at the door;
Run, little ones — the man is poor —
Who first unlocks the gate?
What do I hear? Run fast! — run fast!
What do I hear so sad?
'Tis a poor mother in the blast,
Trembling — I heard her as she passed —
And weeping o'er her lad.

'I thank thee, SOURCE of every bliss,
For every bliss I know;
I thank thee thou didst train me so,
To learn THY way in this:
That, wishing good and doing good,
Is laboring, LORD, with THEE;
That charity is gratitude,
And piety, best understood,
A sweet humanity.'

The French department is well filled, and very various; but save the annexed passage from this portion of the work, we must needs pass it by, our notice having already exceeded our prescribed limits. Our exception is a little satirical fragment from MARMOT, a writer of the fifteenth century, of a lively fancy, much wit, and an exceedingly epigrammatic style. If '*Friar Lubin*' ever out-lived the influence of it, he was a lucky man:

'To gallop off to town post-haste,
So oft, the times I cannot tell;
To do vile deed, nor feel disgraced —
Friar LUBIN will do it well.

'But a sober life to lead,
To honor virtue, and pursue it,
That's a pious Christian deed —
Friar LUBIN cannot do it.

'To mingle, with a knowing smile,
The goods of others with his own,
And leave you without cross or pile,
Friar LUBIN stands alone.

'To say 'tis yours is all in vain,
If once he lays his finger to it;
For as to giving back again,
Friar LUBIN cannot do it.

'With flattering words and gentle tone,
To woo and win some guileless maid,
Cunning pander need you none —
Friar LUBIN knows the trade.

'Loud preacheth he sobriety,
But as for water, doth eschew it;
Your dog may drink it — but not he,
Friar LUBIN cannot do it.'

The departments of Spanish and Italian poetry are ample in quantity and quality. Among the specimens in the first, we remark the noble, solemn poem on the death of his father, by JORGE MANRIQUE, rendered familiar by the exquisite translation of LONGFELLOW, and '*The Life of the Blessed*,' by BRYANT, from PONCE DE LEON. *Apropos* of this last: is the measure or the melody of the fifth verse amended by the substitution of '*numerous sound*' for '*modulated sound*?' We have become so accustomed to the latter rendering, that it almost irks us to see it displaced by any other. We are well pleased to find that the pages of this Magazine have furnished so many gems to this collection, credited, when anonymous, to the KNICKERBOCKER itself, and when otherwise, assigned to the distinguished writers from whom we received them. To conclude: the volume is embellished with a fine portrait of SCHILLER, a handsome vignette title-page, and is rendered still more valuable by a copious alphabetically-arranged 'Index of Authors.'

THE THEATRICAL JOURNEY-WORK AND ANECDOTAL RECOLLECTIONS OF SOL. SMITH, Comedian, Attorney-at-Law, etc. With a Portrait of the Author. In one volume: pp. 254. Philadelphia: T. B. PETERSON.

This book comprises a sketch of the second seven years of the author's professional life, together with sketches of various adventure in after-years. It is simply, unpretendingly written, in good English, and abounds in amusement. We foresee and predict for the little volume a very large sale. It is of that class of works which you can take up, read a chapter, complete in itself, and again renew it when occasion may serve, with entire certainty as to a renewal of your delight. Mr. SMITH, as an actor and as a man, was always extremely popular at the South and West. He is an upright, manly man, and approves himself as such in very many passages of his very entertaining work. But we shall be doing him better justice by permitting him to speak for himself, than by any elaborate comments upon his performance. The following laughable story we have heard told before, but never half so well as 'Old Sol' tells it himself:

'THERE lived in Macon a dandified individual, whom we will call JENKS. This individual had a tolerably favorable opinion of his personal appearance. His fingers were hooped with rings, and his shirt-bosom was decked with a magnificent breast-pin; coat, hat, vest, and boots were made exactly to fit; he wore kid gloves of remarkable whiteness; his hair was oiled and dressed in the latest and best style; and to complete his killing appearance, he sported an enormous pair of *real whiskers*! Of these whiskers, JENKS was as proud as a young cat is of her tail when she first discovers she has one.

'I was sitting one day in a broker's-office, when JENKS came in to inquire the price of exchange on New-York. He was invited to sit down, and a segar was offered him. Conversation turning on the subject of buying and selling stocks, a remark was made by a gentleman present that he thought no person should sell out stock in such-and-such a bank at that time, as it *must* get better in a few days.

'I will sell *any* thing I've got, if I can make any thing on it,' replied JENKS.

'Oh! no,' replied one, 'not *any* thing; you would n't sell your *whiskers*!'

'A loud laugh followed this chance remark. JENKS immediately answered: 'I would; but who would *want* them? Any person making the purchase would lose money by the operation, I'm thinking.'

'Well,' I observed, 'I would be willing to take the speculation, if the price could be made reasonable.'

'Oh! I'll sell 'em cheap,' answered JENKS, winking at the gentlemen present.

'What do you call cheap?' I inquired.

'I'll sell 'em for fifty dollars,' JENKS answered, puffing forth a cloud of smoke across the counter, and repeating the wink.

'Well that *is* cheap; and you'll sell your whiskers for fifty dollars?'

'I will.'

'Both of them?'

'Both of them.'

'I'll take them! When can I have them?'

'Any time you choose to call for them.'

'Very well — they're mine. I think I shall double my money on them, at least.'

'I took a bill of sale as follows:

'RECEIVED of SOL. SMITH *Fifty Dollars* in full for my crop of whiskers, to be worn and taken care of by me, and delivered to him when called for. J. JENKS.'

'The sum of fifty dollars was paid, and JENKS left the broker's-office in high glee, flourishing five Central Bank Xs, and telling all his acquaintances of the great bargain he had made in the sale of his whiskers.

'The broker and his friends laughed at me for being taken in so nicely. 'Never mind,' said I, 'let those laugh that win; I'll make a profit out of those whiskers, depend on it.'

'For a week after this, whenever I met JENKS, he asked me when I intended to call for my whiskers?'

'I'll let you know when I want them,' was always my answer. 'Take good care of them; oil them occasionally; I shall call for them one of these days.'

'A splendid ball was to be given. I ascertained that JENKS was to be one of the managers — he being a great ladies'-man, (on account of his whiskers, I suppose,) and it occurred to me that before the ball took place, I might as well call for my whiskers.

'One morning, I met JENKS in a barber's-shop. He was adonizing before a large mirror, and combing up my whiskers at a devil of a rate.

'Ah! there you are, old fellow,' said he, speaking to my reflection through the glass 'Come for your whiskers, I suppose?'

'Oh! no hurry,' I replied, as I sat down for a shave.

'Always ready, you know,' he answered, giving a final tie to his cravat.

'Come to think of it,' I said, musingly, as the barber began to put the lather on my face, 'perhaps now would be as good a time as another; you *may* sit down and let the barber try his hand at the whiskers.'

'You could n't wait until to-morrow, could you?' he asked, hesitatingly. 'There's a ball to-night, you know —'

'To be sure there is, and I think you ought to go with a clean face; at all events, I don't see any reason why you should expect to wear *my* whiskers to that ball; so sit down.'

'He rather sulkily obeyed, and in a few moments his cheeks were in a perfect foam of lather. The barber flourished his razor, and was about to commence operations, when I suddenly *changed my mind*.

'Stop, Mr. Barber,' I said; 'you need n't shave off those whiskers just yet.' So he quietly put up his razor, while JENKS started up from the chair in something very much resembling a passion.

'This is trifling!' he exclaimed. 'You have claimed your whiskers — take them.'

'I believe a man has a right to do as he pleases with his own property,' I remarked, and left JENKS washing his face.

'At dinner that day, the conversation turned upon the whisker affair. It seems the whole town had got wind of it, and JENKS could not walk the streets without the remark being continually made by the boys, '*There goes the man with old Sol's whiskers!*' And they had grown to an immense size, for he dared not trim them. In short, I became convinced JENKS was waiting very impatiently for me to assert my rights in the property. It happened that several of the party were sitting opposite me at dinner, who were present when the singular bargain was made, and they all urged me to *take the whiskers* that very day, and thus compel JENKS to go to the ball whiskerless, or stay at home. I agreed with them it *was* about time to *reap my crop*, and promised that if they would all meet me at the broker's-shop, where the purchase had been made, I would make a call on JENKS that evening, after he had dressed for the ball. All pro-

mitted to be present at the proposed *shaving operation* in the broker's-office, and I sent for JENKS and the barber. On the appearance of JENKS, it was evident he was much vexed at the sudden call upon him, and his vexation was certainly not lessened when he saw the broker's-office was filled to overflowing by spectators anxious to behold the barbarous proceeding.

"Come, be in a hurry," he said, as he took a seat, and leaned his head against the counter for support, "I can't stay here long; several ladies are waiting for me to escort them to the ball."

"True, very true—you are one of the managers, I recollect. Mr. Barber, don't detain the gentleman; go to work at once."

"The lathering was soon over, and with about three strokes of the razor, *one side of his face was deprived of its ornament.*"

"Come, come," said JENKS, "push ahead; there is no time to be lost; let the gentleman have his whiskers; he is impatient."

"Not at all," I replied coolly, "I'm in no sort of a hurry, myself; and now I think of it, *as your time must be precious at this particular time, several ladies being in waiting for you to escort them to the ball, I believe I'll not take the other whisker to-night!*"

"A loud laugh from the by-standers, and a glance in the mirror, caused JENKS to open his eyes to the ludicrous appearance he cut with a single whisker, and he began to insist upon my taking *the whole of my property!* But all would n't do. I had a right to take it when I chose; *I was not obliged to take all at once; and I chose to take but half at that particular period; indeed I intimated to him very plainly that I was not going to be a very hard creditor; and that if he 'behaved himself,' perhaps I should never call for the balance of what he owed me!*"

"When JENKS became convinced I was determined not to take the remaining whisker, he began, amid the loudly-expressed mirth of the crowd, to propose terms of compromise—first offering me ten dollars, then twenty, thirty, forty—fifty! to take off the remaining whisker. I said firmly, 'My dear Sir, there is no use talking; I insist on your wearing that whisker for me for a month or two.'

"What will you take for the whiskers?" he at length asked. "Won't you sell them back to me?"

"Ah!" replied I, "now you begin to talk as a business man should. Yes, I bought them on speculation; I'll sell them if I can obtain a good price."

"What is your price?"

"One hundred dollars!—*must double my money!*"

"Nothing less?"

"Not a farthing less; and I'm not anxious to sell even at *that price.*"

"Well, I'll take them," he groaned, "there's your money, and here, barber, shave off this d—d infernal whisker in less than no time; I shall be late at the ball."

Mr. SMITH records some unrehearsed effects in the play of '*Pizarro*,' as produced by his company in Georgia. The 'real live Indians' seem to have entered into the spirit of the play to perfection:

"'*PIZARRO*' was one of our most popular stock-plays. My brother LEM'S ROLLA was his best tragic character; when dressed for the part, he *looked* every inch an Indian chief. At Columbus we produced this tragedy *with real Indians for the Peruvian army.* The effect was very *striking*, but there were some unrehearsed effects not set down in the bills. I had bargained with a chief for twenty-four Creek Indians, (to furnish their own bows, arrows, and tomahawks,) at fifty cents each, and a glass of whiskey. Unfortunately for the entire success of the performance, the whiskey was paid, and drank, in advance, causing a great degree of exhilaration among our new *supes.* They were ranged at the back of the theatre building, in an open lot, during the performance of the first act; and on the commencement of the second, they were *marshaled into the back-door, and posted upon the stage behind the scenes.* The entrance of ROLLA was the signal for a 'shout' by the company, carpenters, and scene-shifters; the Indians, supposing *their time had come*, raised such a yell as I am sure had never before been heard inside of a theatre. This out-burst being quelled, the scene between ALONZO, CORA, and the Peruvian chief was permitted to proceed to its termination uninterrupted; but when the scene changed to the 'Temple of the Sun,' disclosing the troops of ROLLA, (his 'brave associates, partners of his toil, his feelings, and his fame,') drawn up on each side of the stage in battle array, the plaudits of the audience were answered by whoops and yells that might be, and no doubt were heard a mile off. Order being partially restored, ROLLA addressed his army, and was greeted with another series of shouts and yells, even louder than those which had preceded. Now came my turn to take part in the unique performance. As *High-Priest of the Sun*, and followed by half-a-dozen virgins, and as many priests, with measured step, timed to slow

music, I emerged from behind the scenes, and 'with solemn march' perambulated the stage, in dumb show called down a blessing on the swords of King ATALIBA and General ROLLA, and in the usual impressive style, looking up into the front gallery, commenced the 'Invocation to the Sun.' Before the time for the joining in of the chorus, I found I was not entirely alone in my singing. A humming sound, at first low and mournful, and rising gradually to *forte*, greeted my ear; and when our chorus *did* join in the strain, it was quite overpowered by the rising storm of *fortissimo* sounds which were issuing from the stentorian lungs of the savages; in short, the Indians were preparing for battle, by executing, in their most approved style, the Creek 'War-Song and Dance!' To attempt stopping them, we found would be a vain task; so that after a moment or two of hesitation, the virgins made a precipitate retreat to their dressing-rooms, where they carefully locked themselves in. The King, ROLLA, and ORANO stood their ground, and were compelled to submit to the new order of things. The Indians kept up their song and war-dance for full half-an-hour, performing the most extraordinary feats ever exhibited on a stage, in their excitement scalping King ATALIBA, (taking off his wig,) demolishing the altar, and burning up the Sun! As for LEM and I, (ROLLA and the High-Priest,) we joined in with them, and danced until the perspiration fairly rolled from our bodies in large streams, the savages all the time flourishing their tomahawks and knives around our heads, and performing other little playful antics not by any means agreeable or desirable. At last, to put an end to a scene which was becoming more and more tiresome as it proceeded, an order was given to *drop the curtain*. This stroke of policy did not stop the ceremonies, which proceeded without intermission until the savages had finished their song and dance, when each receiving his promised half-dollar, they consented to leave the house, and our play proceeded without them. Next night, the same troupe came to the theatre, and wanted to assist in the performance of 'MACBETH,' but I most positively declined their 'valuable aid.'

What a terrific picture is given in the following of the ravages of the cholera on board a steam-boat in the Mississippi River:

'On the sixteenth, we reëmbarked on the 'Ohio,' and off we steered for Cincinnati. It is not my purpose to attempt a description of the scenes witnessed on this boat—the cholera raging! Nevertheless I will briefly notice a few incidents. After supper, the second day out, I counted *eight card-tables*, surrounded by persons playing the game of 'brag!' At the same time persons were scattered around the floor, and in the state-rooms, groaning, complaining, beseeching for assistance—*dying* with the cholera! In one instance, I saw a man fall from his chair in a fit, clenching his cards in his hands, and die in a few minutes! Another fell back on the floor from the card-table, was taken up senseless, and carried to his state-room, where he lingered until the next day, and then died, having in the interim made his will, disposing of a very large property in Virginia. This last one I became slightly acquainted with, and rendered him all the assistance I could. Just before he died, we put him into a warm bath, which seemed to relieve him very much. When we laid him on his mattress, he looked up in my face and asked:

'What is your real opinion, Mr. SMITH? Will I get over this?'

'I answered, 'Upon my word, I think you will; you are evidently much better.' This was my most candid opinion.

'I am glad—I am glad to hear you say so,' he responded faintly, looking up into my face with a smile; and with that smile on his face he almost instantly ceased breathing!'

Mr. SMITH and his company gave a very curious entertainment, in a very curious way, at a place called 'BEAN'S Station,' in East-Tennessee:

'It soon became noised about that we were 'show-folk,' and a very strong request was made by the citizens of the little settlement that we should give a performance in the parlor of the hotel or tavern. We acceded to the request after considerable persuasion, and quite a number of persons, male and female, collected about the house just before dark.

'Remembering the difficulty I had experienced on a similar occasion, many years previously, as related in my 'Apprenticeship,' when we were obliged to use potatoes for candle-sticks, I made inquiry of our landlord as to the manner of *lighting the room* for the intended performance. The reader will scarcely credit me when I say that *neither a candle or lamp* could be procured in the neighborhood! Of course we expected this would end all idea of the proposed performance; but we were mistaken, the villagers insisted on the fulfilment of our promise to 'give them a show;' and at last, as a bit of fun, I told them that we would perform, if they would be satisfied that we should do so *in the dark*. The crowd agreed to this *non. con.*, and I here record the fact that

we gave an entertainment, consisting of songs, duets, recitations, and instrumental music, in *total darkness*! The performance appeared to take well with the audience, the applause being liberally showered upon us. At the close, I dismissed my 'patrons' with the assurance that we charged nothing for our services on that occasion, which seemed to please them more than even the 'entertainment' which had drawn them together, three tremendous cheers being voluntarily given for the 'show-folk,' as the delighted Bean Stationers groped their way to the door, and the tired travellers felt their ways to their several dormitories. Next morning, we found that our hotel expenses had been settled by some of the leading gentlemen of the village, who had been instrumental in getting up the entertainment, and we wended our way toward the North-Carolina Warm Springs.'

We have a dim recollection of seeing an account of the following melancholy incident at the time of its occurrence. It is certainly one of those cases which should 'give pause' to juries and judges, when deciding upon evidence which is merely circumstantial:

'On Friday, the twenty-second of November, I witnessed the execution of the Rev. Mr. JOHNSON, convicted of murdering his wife's sister, a child about twelve years of age, by hanging her on a hackbury tree. His guilt appeared undoubted, although the evidence was all *circumstantial*. On the gallows he seemed quite unconcerned. He had evidently made up his mind to die, all intercessions to the legislature on his behalf for a pardon having proved unavailing. His wife, who was mainly instrumental in proving his guilt, was on the gallows with him, and seemed anxious that her husband should forgive her before he suffered. The poor man, whose hands were fast tied, could not embrace his wife, but allowed her to embrace *him*, and appeared rather pleased when she got through with her caresses. Mr. JOHNSON was then asked if he had any thing to say before he suffered the extreme penalty of the law? He turned and looked around on the crowd and said mildly, 'I have nothing to say, except that I hope all of you, my friends, who came to see this sight, when your time comes to die, may be as ready to meet your God as I am. *I die innocent*.' In less than a minute after these words were uttered, his body was hanging a lifeless corpse, and the people were returning to their homes, wondering how any man — particularly a minister of the Gospel — could be so hardened as to die *with a lie upon his lips*; for probably not one in that large crowd gave credit to his dying words.

'Reader, he *did* die innocent! Fourteen years afterward, a negro was hung in Mississippi, who on the gallows confessed that *he* committed the crime for which Mr. JOHNSON paid the terrible penalty.'

Among the 'Gossipry' of our last number was an amusing anecdote of ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN. Mr. SMITH records one or two others of the same eccentric personage, which are scarcely less amusing. *Voilà*:

'HAVING paid all his debts in Albany, he proceeded to New-York, where he engaged in the Park Theatre, and was moderately successful in his slouched-hat, broad-buckle, and short-sword characters, until his creditors — for he had a way of getting in debt perfectly surprising to young beginners — became somewhat impatient and troublesome. One in particular determined to try the virtue of a *capias ad respondendam*, and employed a well-known and afterward celebrated constable, by the name of HAYS, to execute the same on the body of Father ALLEN. I may as well here state two things: first, my hero was, and is partially *deaf*; and secondly, he has a way of speaking which conveys the idea that he is always laboring under the effects of a bad cold in his head, without a pocket-handkerchief to help himself with. The reader will please bear these things in mind.

'Young HAYS (he was *then* young) found Father ALLEN on the Park Theatre steps. 'Good morning,' said he, saluting the actor very civilly, but speaking in a very loud voice, for he knew the actor's infirmity, and pulling out a small bit of paper, 'Your name is ALLEN, I believe?'

'Yes, ANDREW JACKSON ALLEN, at your service,' replied the debtor, supposing the officer was an applicant for a front-seat in the dress-circle: 'What cad I do for you, by friedd?' continued he, patronizingly, as he gently tapped the ashes from his cigar. 'It is by bedefit, you see — *Battle of Lake Erie*, Sir, with real water — great expedit; fide play — 'we huvet met the edebay, add they are ours,' you kdow; lots of doble ships, flags, guds add sboke: look at the bill, Sir.'

'That's just what I want *you* to do,' replied the officer: 'here is a bill I want you to examine, and here is a writ requiring that I shall take your body forthwith before a 'squire.'

'It was useless to attempt to misunderstand this plain explanation; for if he could not *hear* very well, he could *see* as well as any body, and it was equally useless to attempt to escape; so after quietly examining the papers, the *beneficiaire* of the evening gave a puff or two more at his segar, and then, with a nod of the head, intimated that he understood the whole affair.

"Let's see; yes, sevedty-two dollars, exactly; cursed ill-datured of by friedd THOMPSON to trouble you with this busidess: I idtedded to pay it out of by bedefit-bodey to-borrow; but dever bind, step idto Bister SIMPSON's roob with be, and I'll hadd you the aboutt."

"Certainly, Sir," answered HAYS, and he followed the defendant into the theatre through a private-door. I shall not attempt to describe the route they took, but it is said the officer was led up and down numerous stair-ways, over divers stagings, and through many dark passages and under-ground vaults, until he was completely bewildered. At length, in the midst of darkness, he was requested by his conductor to 'hold on a minute.' 'Here's Bister SIMPSON's roob,' said he; 'wait here till I see if he is at leisure.' The officer stopped stock-still, as desired, for he had no idea which way to move, and waited patiently for the return of his prisoner, whose retreating steps told him that Mr. SIMPSON's room was not so near to where he stood as he had supposed. After waiting for about ten minutes, he began to call the name of his prisoner in a loud voice. Suddenly a trap-door opened immediately above his head, and looking up, he distinctly saw ALLEN's face, lit up with a most benevolent smile. 'Well,' inquired the officer, 'have you found SIMPSON?' 'Do, by friedd, I havd't yet foundd that worthy gedtlebad, but I do dot despair of beidg able to beet with hib sobe tibe this evedidg; be so good as to wait there, by idterestidg friedd, while I take a good look for hib: it is bore thad likely I shall see hib sobewhere betweed here add Philadelphia, for which city I ab about ebbarkidg.'

"Embarking for Philadelphia!" fiercely exclaimed the officer: 'no you do n't! you are my prisoner, and must not move.'

"By dear friedd," replied ALLEN, who had not heard a word the officer had said, but saw by his movements he was inclined to leave the place where he had located him, 'you'd better dot stir frob that spot till sobe of the labp-lighters arrive; for if you do, idasbuch as there are trap-doors all roundd you, you'll fall forty feet or so, add that bight hurt you, you kdow.' The trap-door was closed with a loud noise, and the next that was heard of Father ALLEN, he was getting up an immense nautical piece, called '*The Battle of Lake Champlain*,' in Philadelphia. I have never learned how the constable got out of the theatre, but I presume he was *turned* out. The return on his writ was, 'Executed by taking in custody the defendant, who escaped by misleading me into the devil's church, and leaving me to get out the best way I could.'

Mr. SMITH includes in his volume a published '*Reply to the Rev. W. G. Eliot, of Saint Louis*,' who, in a lecture on theatrical entertainments, had condemned them as 'fraught with serious danger.' He accords all sincerity and honesty of purpose to his reverend antagonist, whom he pronounces 'a good man and an exemplary Christian;' but he nevertheless thus controverts one of his positions:

'It is said that the theatre is 'too exciting.' Now, it appears to me that if the tendency of stage representations be for *good*, they *cannot* be 'too exciting;' but if for evil, then the gentleman is right. When the heart throbs with the feelings of patriotism and virtuous indignation against tyranny and oppression; when the eye of youth fills with tears of sorrow for suffering virtue; when the cheek burns with indignation at successful villainy—all the effect of the poet's language and the actor's power—will it be said that these aroused feelings are to be suppressed, because they are 'exciting?' So far from the amusement of the theatre being 'too exciting' for the young, it would be better for the moral condition of the world if the excellent sentiments promulgated from the stage could be more universally disseminated than they are. That the teachings of the pulpit have their uses, is not denied; but the practical lessons *acted* before the auditor at the theatre, from the very fact that they *are* more 'exciting,' are more lasting, and consequently more useful. A play cannot be 'too exciting,' if the moral be good, and the tendency of the sentiment ennobling to human nature. Let the pulpit therefore confine its censures and strictures to *immoral* stage representations, and cherish those which tend to refine, ameliorate, and improve society.'

We take our leave of Mr. SMITH's volume, (which we may remark, in conclusion, is embellished with a portrait of the author, who has the head and features of a 'man of mark,') with a word of advice to our readers: Buy it and read it. It will richly reward perusal.

SCOTTISH SONGS, BALLADS, AND POEMS. BY HEW AINSLIE, Author of 'The Ingle-Side,' 'On wi' the Tartan,' 'Rover o' Loch-Ryan,' etc. In one volume: pp. 216. New York: J. S. REDFIELD.

ONE of the most natural and simple verses in that charming poem of LONGFELLOW's, written originally for the KNICKERBOCKER, '*The Village Blacksmith*,' is the following, which will be well remembered by all our readers:

'He goes on Sunday to the church,
He sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach —
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.'

Now, it is a curious thing, that when we took up this beautiful little volume of Mr. AINSLIE, our heart was rejoicing at hearing, in an adjoining apartment, a 'daughter's voice,' singing and playing that most *lilting* of all Scottish songs, '*The Laird o' Cockpen*,' which two 'wee folk,' one seven, the other three-and-a-half, were dancing after the music, bumping now and then against the folding-doors, and then cackling in their glee as only children can. We dallied with a tea-spoon against the sides of our quag of Glenlivet, and read on and on, until we arrived at the end. And now we are going to have 'our say' anent the book. And first as to its manner: we recognize the skillful hand of our friend 'WALLY WILSON,' of Poughkeepsie, in the rich and tasteful binding; in the excellent and excellently-engraved portrait of the author, and the beautifully-designed Scottish accessories which surround it like a halo, we recognize the 'labor of love' of the Scottish brothers, WELLSTOOD. By the way, when Mr. AINSLIE dropped in upon us one morning, at our town-sanctum, we thought we never saw a better likeness of the poet WORDSWORTH; while there are hundreds in the city who will see at once the striking resemblance which the portrait also bears to Hon. CHARLES KING, President of Columbia College. But come we to the book.

In his brief but felicitous preface, Mr. AINSLIE remarks that he has 'long been a truant from the laurel'd walks of literature, and now in the autumnal gloaming of life, like RIP VAN WINKLE from his mountain slumber, he comes once more among the haunts of men, with antique accoutrements and forgotten phraseology, to inquire of wondering old friends and neighbors whether this busy world stands where it did,

'In his hot youth, when George the Third was King.'

To the query, 'Why has the author written in the Scottish dialect?' he replies, 'it is his mother-tongue — the language spoken by SCOTT and sung by BURNS. With its Doric muse all his earliest and dearest associations are inter-twined. Its melodies lulled his infancy, and will, he trusts, contribute their share in tranquilizing his parting hour. It was thus the twig was bent — thus the tree was inclined — and thus must it eventually fall.' We remark a great improvement in this volume over the usual form of printing

glossarial words: they accompany the *line*, at the end, instead of being placed at the foot of the page, and hence are 'all in your eye' as you read on without interruption. We have space but for a few brief passages, and must make our selections as various as possible, beginning with a feeling little poem entitled '*The Retrospect*:'

'When up fifty years I look,
As ye'd trace a restless brook,
Up glen and cataract,
Through some wild and desert track,
With here and there between,
Some spot of pleasant green;
Till in mead, or flowery dell,
Lay its native crystal well.

'Thus my wand'ring ways I trace,
To my spirit's starting-place,
When burn an' grassy lea
Were world enough for me.
Each blossom on the wold
Was my silver and my gold,
The birch and mossy stone
My canopy, my throne!

'But the spirit who can still?

The spring will be a rill,
Let us dam it as we will,
And the din of busy men
Will reach the deepest glen.
A strange exciting noise,
Rousing boyhood from his toys —
Painting, glorious to behold!
Scenes of pleasure, heaps of gold.

'Yes, I own it with a sigh,
The glitter took mine eye,
And with Hope — a wily guide —
Strange lands and plans I've tried,
Till I've found each sunny height
Take the color of the night.
But the 'rolling land' is past!
I have reached the shore at last;
Merging calmly to thy sea,
Dark, dumb Eternity!

One of the pleasantest characteristics of Mr. AINSLIE's poems is their simplicity. He is contented to *feel*, and to *express* what he feels, in a manner distinguished by such perfect naturalness, that he wins upon you at once. If his heart goes back to 'Auld Scotland,' and '*The Lads Far Awa*,' he *says* so, 'without any ifs or ands:'

'WHEN I think on the lads, an' the land I hae left,
An' how love has been lifted, an' friendship been reft,
How the hinny o' hope has been mingled wi' ga',
Then I lang for the lan' an' the lads far awa'.

'When I think o' the days o' delight I ha'e seen,
When the sparks o' the spirit would flash frae the e'en,
Then I say wi' a sigh, as I think on them a',
Where *shall* I find hearts like the hearts far awa'?

'When I think on the nights that we spent hand in hand,
When love was our solder, an' friendship our band,
This world gets dark — but ilk night has a daw',
An' I yet may rejoice wi' the lads far awa'.

Read the poem on the very next page to this, '*I'm Living Yet*,' and heedfully regard the cheerful philosophy with which it is informed. One thing is quite certain: Mr. AINSLIE considers 'an inch of laugh to be worth an ell of moan, in any state of the market;' and he is right. Turn to '*The Last Look o' Hame*,' on the seventy-second page, for something in a different vein:

'BARE was the burn-brae,
December's blast had blawn,
The last flower was dead,
The brown leaf had faw'n;
'T was dark in the deep wood,
Hoary was the hill,
An' the wind frae the cauld north
Came heavy and chill.

'I had said fare-ye-weel
To my kith an' my kin',
My bark it lay ahead,
My cot-house behin',
I had nought left to tine,
I'd a wide world to try,
But my heart it would na lift,
An' my e'e it would na dry.

'I look'd lang at the ha',
Through the mist o' my tears,
Where the kind lassie lived
I had ran wi' for years,
An' the braes where we sat,
An' the broom-covered knowes,
Took a hold on this heart,
I ne'er can unloose.

'I ha'e wandered sinsyne
By gay temples and towers,
Where the ungathered spice
Scent the breeze in their bowers;
Sic scenes I can leave,
Without pain or regret,
But that last look o' hame
I ne'er can forget.'

If you don't affect this — but if you don't, it strikes us you lack that 'noble entrail, a human heart' — turn to page seventy-four, and run your eye and your heart over a little gem of home-longing, '*Tuk' Me Hame to Glenlugar Again.*' There is no solitude like the solitude of a great and strange city; and this, it is plain to see, our poet felt, when he penned these lines in 'Edinbro' Toun,' far away from the home of his young years:

Your big town is braw,
Ye're kind to me an' a',
An' try aye to make me feel fain;
But my heart it winna flit
Frae our auld water-fit —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.

'I've been within your ha's,
Where music swells an' fa's,
Through many a sweet new strain;
But gi'e me the hamely things
My kindly mither sings —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.

'I ha'e been to your shore,
Where the big billows roar,
An' ships haud awa' to the main;
But gi'e me the shady pool,
Was on simmer e'en sae cool —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.

'Your winning words an' arts,
May be sproutings o' your hearts,
But to me they seem hollow and vain,
Ay, sadly I can see,
There's naething here for me —
Take me hame to Glenlugar again.'

From a collection of songs, ballads, etc., under the general head of '*A Pit grimage to the Land of Burns,*' we take the subjoined, which must close our quotations. It is addressed '*To an Old Flame:*' a matron who in early days had 'ta'en his youthful fancy:'

'It was you, KIRSTY, you
First touched this heart I trow,
Took my stomach frae my food,
Put the devil in my blood,
Made my doings out o' season,
Made my thinkings out o' reason;
It was you, KIRSTY, lass,
Brought the JINGLER to this pass.

'An' KIRSTY, lass, I see,
By the twinkle o' thy e'e,
An' KIRSTY, faith I fin',
By a something here within,
That though ye've ta'en anither,
An' though ye be a mither,
There's an ember in us yet,
That might kindle, were it fit.

'But when amaisht dementit,
My sair heart got ventit;
Oh! what happy days we'd then,
'Mang the hazels o' yon glen!
Aft by bonny Irvine side,
We ha'e lain, rowed in a plaid,
Frae the settle o' the night,
To the income o' the light.

'Then fare-ye-weel, my fair ane,
An' fare-ye-weel, my rare ane,
I ance thought, my bonny leddy,
Thy bairns would ca't me daddy:
But that braw day's gane by.
Sae happy may ye lie,
An' canty may ye be
Wi' the man that should been me.'

Something in the 'Land of Burns' must have imbued our bard with his spirit; for assuredly the foregoing is singularly like some of 'ranting ROBE's rollicking rhymes.' There is one thing that will forcibly strike the reader of this volume; and that is, the naturalness, the entire appropriateness of the author's similes. In the '*May Washing,*' for example, where the two 'sonsie' Scottish lasses are treading out the clothes in a tub by the burn-side, where 'the waters croon,' what could be more beautiful than the comparison of their fair limbs to the smooth-whiteness of 'peeled willows?' But 'time's up,' and our page is full.

POEMS BY ALICE CAREY. In one volume of Three Hundred and Ninety-Nine Pages.
BOSTON: TICKNOR AND FIELDS.

THE sisters CAREY, the gifted poetical writers of the West, have made their names current 'in mouths of wisest censure.' For masculine grasp of mind, and the power of winging a sustained flight, perhaps the general verdict is, that PHOEBE CAREY excels her sister; but to our conception, ALICE CAREY, in tender conceits, accurate observation, and felicitous description of nature, and in the musical flow of her verse, is no whit behind her elder 'sister of song.' The compact and capacious volume before us will confirm the justice of this praise. It has nearly an hundred and fifty separate poems, longer or shorter, and although we have not read them all, we have not found an indifferent piece in any that we have found leisure to peruse. We have already devoted so much space to poetical extracts in this department, that we must limit our selections from the present volume, which reaches us last of all. From a small collection of '*Annularies*' we take these touching thoughts of the dead, as connected with the aspects of outward nature:

'LISTENING and listening for the fall
Of his dear step, the cold moon shines
Betimes across the southern hall,
And the black shadows of the vines
O'erblow the mouldy walls, and lie
Heavy along the winding walks —
Where oft we set, in Mays gone by,
Streaked lady-grass and holly-hocks.

'Within a stone's-throw seems the sky
Against the faded woods to bend,
Just as of old the corn-fields lie;
But we, oh! we are changed, my friend!
Since last I saw these maples fade,
The locusts in the burial-ground
Have wrapt their melancholy shade
About a new and turfless mound.

And one who last year heard with me
The summer's dirges wild and dread,
Has joined the peaceful company
Whom we, the living, mourn as dead.
Turning for solace unto thee,
O Future! from the pleasures gone,
Misshapen earth, through mists I see,
That fancy dare not look upon.

'God of the earth and heaven above,
Hear me in mercy, hear me pray:
Let not one golden strain of love
From my life's skein be shorn away.
Or if, in Thy all-wise decree,
The edict be not written so,
Grant, Lord of light, the earnest plea
That I may be the first to go.

'And when the harper of wide space
Shall chant again his mournful hymn,
While on the summer's pale dead face
The leaves are dropping thick and dim:
When songs of robins all are o'er,
And when his work the ant forsakes,
And in the stubbly glebe no more
The grasshopper his pastime takes:

'What time the gray-roofed barn is full,
The sober smiling harvest done,
And whiter than the late-washed wool,
The flax is bleaching in the sun; [times
The friends who sewed my shroud, some—
Shall come about my grave: in tears
Repeating over saddest rhymes
From annularies of past years.'

Pleasant specimens of Miss CAREY's artist-powers as a word-painter are given in '*The Sugar-Camp*,' '*Annie Clayville*,' '*Nellie Watching*,' and a dozen other gems, which we can only name without quoting. We can but commend the book, in its tasteful garb of rich blue and gold, to the affections of our readers. The longest poem which it contains is based on an episode in PRESCOTT's '*Conquest of Mexico*,' but in our judgment it is not the best. We say nothing of the theme, and are quite willing to admit that 'human nature is nearly the same in all conditions, and in every condition has elements of beauty, not less poetical because displayed sometimes amid barbaric splendors and savage superstitions.'

THE AMERICAN ALMANAC AND REPOSITORY OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE: for the Year Eighteen Hundred and Fifty-Five: pp. 352. Boston: PHILLIPS, SAMPSON AND COMPANY. London: SAMPSON, LOW, SON AND COMPANY.

We have always regarded the Boston 'American Almanac' as one of the very best works of its kind ever issued in America. It is truly what it purports to be, a vast 'repository of useful knowledge,' presented in a volume of convenient size and easy reference to all its departments. Proceeding from the Cambridge Observatory, the first of its class in the United States, the 'Astronomical Department' has already won an established fame for fulness and correctness; and 'unwearied pains have been taken to collect full, authentic, and varied information concerning the complex affairs of the general and State governments;' in proof of which, glance at this synopsis of the second part of the volume:

'In it will be found full lists of the Executive and Judiciary of the General Government, including the chief officers and clerks of the several Departments; of Collectors of Customs, of Post-masters in the principal cities, of Army and Navy Pension Agents, and of the Indian Superintendents and Agents; of the Inspectors of Steam-boats and their Districts; of the Army, and the various Military Departments and Posts under the new organization; of the Navy, the public vessels, and the Marine Corps; of our Ministers and Consuls in Foreign Countries, and of Foreign Consuls in the United States. These have all been corrected from official sources to the latest dates possible for publication. Later changes are noted in the 'Additions and Corrections,' at the end of the volume. The titles, Commerce and Navigation, and Revenue and Expenditure, published each year in the Almanac, are full and complete abstracts of the public documents of the same name, and the tables connected therewith, and with the Post Office, Mint, and Public Lands, show the receipts and expenditures of the Government under their several heads, the public debt, the imports, exports, tonnage, coinage, sales of land, and the operations of the Post-Office Department, for each year since the adoption of the Federal Constitution. The exports for the last four years are given in detail. The rates of postage are under the new laws; and these, with the inland and foreign mail service, are believed to be complete and correct. The Titles and Abstracts of the Public Laws and Joint Resolutions have been carefully prepared, and are sufficiently full, except for professional use. Among those this year of special interest are the acts relative to the Warehousing System and the establishment of Private Bonded Warehouses; to organize the Territories of Nebraska and Kansas; to regulate the pay of Deputy-Postmasters; concerning the surveying of the public lands in New-Mexico, Kansas, and Nebraska, and donations to actual settlers therein; making provision for Postal Service in California, Oregon, and Washington; to graduate and reduce the price of the Public Lands to actual settlers and cultivators; to increase the pay of the rank and file of the Army; and to carry into effect the Reciprocity Treaty between the United States and Great Britain. The tabular view of the rail-roads in the country is continued from the last volume; and the comparative view of the debts, property, and general financial condition of all the States, has been corrected with great care from the latest official returns. The information concerning the Individual States is as full as in former years. It is believed that nowhere else can be found such full details respecting the Executive and Judiciary, the finances, schools, charitable institutions, and pauperism and crime of the several States. The European part of the work, revised from the best authority to late dates, gives the several States of Europe, with their form of government, the name, title, and date of accession of the reigning sovereigns, the area and population of the several countries,' etc., etc.

To our citizens at home, the value of such a work as this strikes us as scarcely appreciable; while to our countrymen abroad, or going abroad, it is almost a *vade mecum*. An American in Europe, where there is now so much inquiry in relation to the *facts* of our country's condition, growth, and institutions, could have no better prompter of his memory, or 'backer' of his pride of country, than this same modest but most meritorious 'American Almanac.'

SPIRITUALISM. By JOHN W. EDMONDS and GEORGE T. DEXTER, M.D. Volume Second. With an Appendix: pp. 542. New-York: PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN, Broadway.

THIS large and well-executed volume opens upon its title-page with this passage from PAUL's first Epistle to the Corinthians: 'But as it is written, Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them who love HIM. But God hath revealed them unto us by HIS SPIRIT: for the SPIRIT searcheth all things; yea, the *deep* things of God. For what man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of a man which is in him? Even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the SPIRIT of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of the world, but the SPIRIT which is of God; that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God. Which things also we speak, not in the words which man's wisdom teacheth, but which the HOLY SPIRIT teacheth: comparing spiritual things with spiritual.' In an elaborate 'Introduction,' Judge EDMONDS takes occasion to remark, that he has marvelled not a little that in a country where freedom of thought is so loudly professed as it is here, there should have been manifested such virulent hostility even to an investigation of what *may* be truth; and he declares that it was alike his duty and his object to take nothing for granted, but to inquire and ascertain, if possible, whether farther knowledge might not come; and that 'farther knowledge' it is the purpose of this book to set forth and promulgate; in doing which, says the JUDGE, 'we claim no authority; we ask for no other credit than that of intending fairly and faithfully to give *what* we have received, *as* we have received it.' All who know Judge EDMONDS will have no hesitation in rendering full credence to this declaration. But the present is a great advance upon the preceding volume on the same theme, by the same authors. They candidly confess that it contains 'some things which will startle even confirmed believers in Spiritualism;' and of this there can be no doubt. Here is one remarkable fact, for example, assumed as wholly irrefragable, namely, that 'amid all incongruities, through all mediums, whether partially or highly developed; from all the spirits who commune, whether progressed or unprogressed, there is a universal accordance on *one* point, and that is, that *we pass into the next state of existence just what we are in this*, and that we are not suddenly changed into a state of perfection or imperfection, but find ourselves in a state of progression, and that this life on earth is but a preparation for the next, and the next but a continuation of this.' In proof of the spread and *general* extension of the doctrines of Spiritualism, the 'Introduction' embraces numerous letters from all parts of the country, the writers of which, from being opponents, have become delighted converts to the truth set forth in the previous volume. In reference to his own mediumship, Judge EDMONDS says his 'visions are impressed upon his mind as vividly and distinctly as any material object possibly can be, yet he cannot always, in the terms received, convey the moral idea communicated. Sometimes, however, the influence is so strong that he is given not merely the ideas, but the very words in which they are clothed,

and he is entirely unconscious of what he is going to say until he has actually said it!' 'No man lives,' says the Judge, in conclusion, 'but he may have, if he pleases, evidences entirely satisfactory that the friends whom he has laid in the grave do yet live and commune with him;' and this 'bold assertion' he makes 'after years of careful investigation, conducted under most favorable circumstances; after having witnessed innumerable manifestations; and after having beheld the intercourse in all its known phases.' Now what can one who knows nothing personally of 'Spiritualism' say to all this, in reply to the individual experience of such a man as Judge EDMONDS? We have seen rapping, table-moving, and other experiments of the sort faithfully and patiently tried, without the slightest result; but are we thence to conclude that these things cannot be done? We never have had, at least not to our knowledge, any communication with the spirits of SWEDENBORG, or LORD BACON, or SHAKESPEARE, or any other great worthy of past ages. We scribble our own 'hand-of-write,' instead of being spiritually led to counterfeit, on *bonâ-fide* paper, with material pen, and mortal ink, the signatures and sentiments of the great departed — for 'there were gi-yants in those days;' but shall we say, in the face of the revelations of this book, that others have not been more fortunate? We have had no 'visions,' with a perfect material consciousness attending them; but Judge EDMONDS says he *has*, and he gives a 'good account of them.' Are we to doubt his word, because we never had any thing better or more substantial than a good old-fashioned dream? But *apropos* of the spirits: some of them are very 'hard cases.' One specimen appeared at one of the 'circles,' through Dr. DEXTER, who wanted to 'cut' him, but Judge EDMONDS overruled it, being desirous to 'do him some good.' He was rather pugnacious; and 'after a good deal of struggling, he wrote in large, coarse letters:

'You are smart men! Do n't you think you will do great things? Who are *you*, Judge EDMONDS, and who are *you*, Dr. DEXTER, and what other fool is that asleep on the lounge? Go to the devil!'

'These few words,' says the JUDGE, 'occupied a whole page, and were written with violent contortions; and several times the pencil, paper, and books were thrown at my head with great violence.' It turned out that this was the spirit of a murderer, whom the Judge had sentenced to be hung. He visited the 'circle' afterward, was put in communication with Mrs. SWEET, an eminent medium, and pronounced it 'damned hard work;' but by kind treatment, through the advice of SWEDENBORG and Judge EDMONDS, he was brought into another spiritual sphere, where he began rapidly to 'progress' toward being a mild-tempered, well-behaved ghost. 'That was a most extraordinary occurrence,' said a man in a stage-coach to another, who had been relating an incident of the most MUNCHAUSENISTIC description, of which he had been the spectator. 'It is, but it is true,' was the reply. 'Yes, no doubt; but if you had n't seen it, you would n't believe it, would you?' 'No, Sir, I should not.' 'Humph! — well, *I did n't see it!*' Our friend the JUDGE must make the application. But we must close. The volume is executed upon good paper, and is illustrated with two excellent portraits of Judge EDMONDS and Dr. DEXTER.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE ASCENT OF MANSFIELD MOUNTAIN, IN VERMONT. — With our old friend and correspondent, erewhile from 'Up-River,' 'high mountains are a feeling,' and well has he expressed it in the letter which ensues. Whosoever reads what this popular contributor of ours writes, may be always certain of *one* thing. There is before him a perfect daguerreotype of his thoughts, emotions, and the scene he surveys. 'Be ye well assured of this:'

'THERE are two noted mountains in Vermont; one is called Camel's Hump, the other, Mansfield. 'Camel's Hump' is so styled from some sort of resemblance to the dorsal part of that meek animal. It looms up in view as it did to CHAMPLAIN, while sailing over the waters of his own lake, when the expression burst from his lips, as he looked upon the verdant summit of many hills, '*Ecce virides montes!*' or something to that effect. It is seen far and wide, in whatever direction you go through the State, sometimes lost to sight, presently rising up again in sombre majesty, as the road winds among the hills. Coming upon it suddenly in a frosty morning of October, when the sun shines brilliantly upon its head, whitened with the first snows, it presents a spectacle which will cause you to break out with an involuntary expression of admiration, as when the soldiers of NAPOLEON first looked upon the golden domes of Moscow, 'that great city.' The meadows have not lost their verdure, the forest-leaves are just assuming their purple tintage, the last roses of summer are still left blooming in the vale, but the winter lifts its head in the fore-ground, and the 'melancholy days' draw nigh.

'Camel's Hump is hard to be ascended: it is Mont Blanc in miniature. There is no road, no hospice half-way up. If there be a fat or wheezing man in the company, one with a head which becomes giddy, or whose feet are not sure, he must be dragged by main force up the face of some steep rocks, perhaps with a rope fastened about his waist. Having reached the summit, (whence you can drop a stone down a sheer precipice of eight hundred feet before it will exercise its rolling propensity,) you will find a few blackened stones and a few charred sticks, evidences that some body had been there before. Such angel-visits to these heavenly regions have been few and far between. Camel's Hump is not, like Kaatskill, a travelled mountain, where chariot-wheels plough their way through the white clouds, with the lightnings of heaven flashing among the harness, and the untamed pears bustling along-side. Sea horses, and the marine productions called horse-feet

might have been there, but horse-shoes — never. You will find plenty of fish-bones, and of chicken-bones not a few.

‘It is out of the way of scampering tourists, of ALBERT SMITHS, and other particular friends of ‘P. T. B.,’ and its tree-barks are less scarified with illustrious Yankee names than are the marbles of the Acropolis, or than the top-stones of the pyramids. After you have got there, you will make up your mind to stay all night; or you have probably decided on that before starting, and have accordingly brought with you well-stored baskets, containing cold ham and chickens, a little *eau de vie*, and a stout negro to carry blankets; for to return on the same day would be turning a pleasure into a weary job; and you wish to behold the sun go down, and the sun rise again in glorious majesty in the vale below. You wish to stay long enough to see, perhaps, the storm raving beneath you, and the rain pouring down from the lower clouds. But the summit is cold — cold! The ices never melt in the deep caverns and among the fissures of the rocks. After you have supped heartily in the hut, *toasting your feet by fire-branches, which crackle cheerfully on the hearth, (you will never enjoy a supper more keenly as long as you live,)* after you have beguiled the hours with tale, and anecdote, and song, and numerous times passed out through the low door-way of your tabernacle to take an observation and to behold the stars, after, after, after, you will wrap your blankets round you and sleep securely until the break of day.

‘Mansfield Mountain is a still higher peak, and more accessible, although, as it lies very much apart from the beaten track of travel, it is little known to the world at large. Those who travel to the North usually shape their course toward the White Mountains, in New-Hampshire, where they can find better accommodations; the grandeur of the higher, coupled with most of the luxury of the lower world. They have never heard of any such spots as Camel’s Hump or Mansfield. They will not trust themselves in old-fashioned stage-coaches, nor think it safe to journey at the rate of less than thirty miles an hour, nor venture into places where they will not be sure to find the same conventional people whom perhaps they are sick and tired of already. If they were a little more enterprising, and had the true spirit of travellers, they would venture a little a-one-side, where they would breathe an air still more exhilarating, and be refreshed, if not by a wilder scenery, by a more primitive life. Many parts of our country, embracing within them the highest elements of the sublime, the beautiful, and the picturesque, are known only to some of the knowing, and perhaps it is better that it should be so. Nature hems in more inclosures sacred to the few than art ever does. This is true of the wildest as well as of the most cultivated tracts, and the fact cannot be gainsaid. Go where you will, it is the same.

‘It was on a pleasant afternoon in the month of September that we started on our journey to accomplish the ascent of Mansfield. The party consisted of six persons: Mr. LYNCO, Mr. MEERYALL, Dr. EINSFELDT, a German naturalist, another person whom, for distinction’s sake, I will call SPAULDING, alias the Long-Legs, the rector of All-Cherubim Church, in a neighboring city, and the individual who now holds the pen. We rode on twenty miles or more through a pleasantly-diversified ‘ked’ntry,’ and about night-fall pulled up at the tavern, in a village called Stowe. Here we partook of a good supper, and found excellent quarters for the night. We were in the valley at the base of this monarch of mountains. After breakfast the next morning, at eight o’clock, we left our horses, and, taking a relay, began our upward journey. We travelled some miles through the woods, and arrived at a plateau, a sort of clearing, a farm-house on the mountain-side. Here we were

compelled to leave the wagons behind, and saddled the horses. There were not enough for the whole party. SPAULDING, the Long-Legs, and Mr. MERRYALL insisted on footing it; so I, although quite reluctant to mount, not having held a bridle for some years, was forced to back one of the nags, being assured by the guide who accompanied us from the farm-house, that I would otherwise regret it, as the journey would be steep and toilsome. We had advanced a little farther upward when, looking back, the view had become already enchanting, and the reward would have been ample, though we had been compelled immediately to return. But our watch-word was that of the pilgrim glorified by the poet LONGFELLOW — *Excelsior!* SPAULDING, the Long-Legs, who had travelled on foot all over the mountains of Switzerland, and through every other part of the habitable globe, was far in advance of the horses, grabbing in his right hand, by way of walking-stick, an untrimmed limb which POLYPHEMUS might have bequeathed to his heirs. MERRYALL, by a series of hops and skips, tried to keep up with his long strides. The learned Doctor, the somewhat fat LYNGO, and the Rector of All-Cherubim followed after, while the individual who now writes brought up the rear. We were in the region of thick woods; rocks, and gnarled roots, gigantic moss-grown trunks, skeletons, or rather mummies of 'old oaks' and maples, lay in the steep and narrow bridle-path; and every now and then, on one side, might be heard the whirr of a partridge, or we saw the skipping coney among the dry leaves; but BRUN tended his cubs and kept out of sight. The party had just scrambled up a ledge of rock which seemed to me to have an inclination too little varying from the perpendicular to venture to follow suit with my nag. His heels clattered and slipped, he partly turned about, and I leaped from his back upon the ground. 'I'll make him go up,' said the guide. Whereupon he laid on the lash, and, after much clattering, and slipping, and straining, and eliciting the sparks, he got his feet again on the soft ground, where the bark lay like tan, a foot deep. A little farther on we found Long-Legs recreating himself at a cool spring which bubbled up at the root of a tree.

'Tired out?' said I. 'Now, then, I am satisfied with riding, and wish to walk. You will oblige me by mounting my nag, at least for a little while.'

'He only burst into a loud laugh, and, snatching his stick, and singing, and barcarolling, strode off, and was again out of sight.'

'MERRYALL,' said I, 'take my horse.'

'No, I thank you.'

'Do.'

'Not at all. You're short-breathed; keep him yourself.'

'Well, then,' said I, 'if I must, I must. By the help of the LORD, I will leap over a wall.'

'On, on, on we went, in single file, while with every step the path became more difficult; but the mountain-top still towered far above us. All the spare time which was not devoted to a strenuous effort in keeping upon the saddle was spent in thinking about the similar exploit of ALBERT SMITH, and the multitudinous journeyings of the valiant OWEN, and the comrades of CORTÉZ clambering to the crater of Popocatepetl, to scoop out sulphur to make gunpowder withal, while now and then a stray thought was given to natural history, to the gruff bear, the barking wolf, the wild-cat, and the rampant catamount. All of a sudden, I heard the loud barking of a dog, and saw a column of blue smoke ascending through the woods, while well-defined foot-paths branched off in divers ways, and the smell of roast-beef was wafted to the nostrils. 'In the name of high living,' said I, 'who has built a country-seat up here?' It was almost at an altitude which balloons are ambitious of, yet in a few minutes more we came to a clearing where JONATHAN

had built himself a substantial log-hut, and already had erected the frame-work of a long house to serve for a hotel, trusting that the 'speckellation' would prove good. And it will, too. Scores of visitors will repay the attentions of the host, who promises that the charges will not be very high. A fine spring bubbled up before the door, and the sun shone cheerfully through the opening in the grove on this home in the wilderness. The horses, who had shown that they were sure-footed, were refreshed, and tied with their noses together at the stump of a tree, while we all entered into the hut. It consisted of two or three compartments. The well-scoured tins, and kitchen utensils hung upon the wall; there was a famous stove, on the gridiron of which the fragrant meat hissed; and, altogether, there were the tokens of good fare, in a place where every mouthful was enhanced by a well-sharpened appetite. The youthful JONATHAN had a handsome young wife up there of a most vigorous frame, and cheeks as red as ripe cherries. She had just accomplished the domestic exploit of baking a batch of beautiful light, white wheaten loaves. They lay smoking on a shelf, looking tempting, smelling exceedingly sweet. But our time had not come to dine. We must ascend the mountain first. Moreover, not expecting habitations here, we had bespoken a savory dinner to be provided at four o'clock, at the tavern in the village of Stowe. When JONATHAN, therefore, inquired what provisions he should make for us on our return from the mount, we were fain to direct him to provide the best which his house could afford, and let the dinner at Stowe to take care of itself.

'There were two stages more before us. The first of these could be accomplished with the horses, who were accustomed to these trips; the second not. I again proposed to SPAULDING and to MERRYALL, but they refused point-blank. I verily believe that they were afraid to ride a horse-back, and would rather that the individual who now holds the pen should play the PUTNAM, and break his neck. Mounting, however, with an elastic vigor, fearless of consequences, with an unabated confidence in the steed, conscious of my own abilities, holding fast to the mane of the horse, and to that admirable maxim, 'Nothing venture, nothing have,' 'Gee up!' said I. Off we went, in single file again, the Rector of All-Cherubim in advance, as he wished to be among the clouds, and to have a 'realizing sense' first.

'This was climbing, indeed, the horses seeming to stand only on their hind legs, and straining every nerve and muscle to scramble up among the 'blasted rocks.' I devoted all my mind, and heart, and soul, and knees, and arms, to cleave to horse-back. I wound my legs about his belly, hugged him about the neck, and laid my head upon his ears. The more precipitous was the place, the more desperate became his muscular endeavors, the more rapid the movement. Happy, indeed, was I to pause momentarily on some rocky platform, just large enough for a quadruped to stand on. 'Halloa!' said I, to the foremost, 'how long are we going to ride this gait?' 'Come on,' said he, 'come on. We're most there now. Before I could make reply, the nag, finding it now necessary to take his own reins in his own hands, or else roll down hill by the proclivity of his own weight, exerted all his energy in a contrary direction, and, for the next three hundred yards, sky-ward struggled, and scratched away with the fury of an elephant in a net. How I did wince, and squirm, and wiggle, and joggle, and hang on like a good boy! More than once I was almost spilled off his back in some of his side-long jerkings. More than once I grabbed his ears convulsively. More than once I involuntarily seized upon the crupper, now to the right, now to the left, now bumped upward, now clutching the reins, now driving my toes into the stirrups. Woh! woa! wo! here we are. Sup-PAULDING! sup-PAULDING! supple-ended ride! supple-ended ride! Sup-

PAULDING, the Alpine traveller, with his big stick, did not stop to listen; but as if the watch-word — *Excelsior!* — was ringing in his ears, strode onward, inebriated by the ambitious influence of the mountain air. Whatever his kingdom was, he evidently did not intend to barter it for a horse.

'We had now been mounting upward until we were three thousand feet above the level of the sea, and horse-power, to my great joy, was no longer available. For, verily, I felt as if I had not tried what it was to foot it for a year. I remember the place where we dismounted and tied the horses. No more solitary or desolate spot could be found in scarcely any portion of the globe. Very seldom was it visited by the foot of man, but it seemed to entertain a lasting remembrance of these visits whenever they occurred, as was evident by the scrupulousness with which it treasured up in many a mossy by-place the relics of every old feast, and saved up the crusts of bread, and the fragments of wine-bottles, while many a charred hearth seemed only waiting for the fire of sociality again to be kindled.

'We left the horses to browse upon the grasses and green foliage which was reachable from the lower limbs of the trees, and, trudging on for the space of ten minutes through the woods, a scene was presented in the fore-ground which no one who has beheld it can easily forget. It seemed as if our journey had but just begun. A mountain of bare and jagged rocks, as wild and awful as Sinai itself, rose up immediately in front, to the height of twelve hundred feet. Not a tree, scarcely a bush, and no grass was seen upon it. It looked like an out-post of Nature, a rag-end of the earth, the stump and limit of terrestrial things.

'We stood at the base a moment, looking up with surprise, and then began to climb like pigmies over the vast and irregular masses of rock. It was no slight task or toil, and needed the facility of a goat, or the limberness of a coney, to leap from point to point of this wild refuge. More than once we paused, out of breath; but the cry was still *Excelsior!* and, scaling steep acclivities, sometimes going on all-fours, at others taking small leaps, the pinnacle at last was gained. We sat down listlessly a moment, and panted, then cast our eyes about to take an observation. What a glorious spectacle! The day was not so clear as it might have been, but the slight blue haze was not enough to shut out the scenery. I have been on Kaitskill, and various mountains, but never beheld any prospect of this kind; for Vermont, if looked at from above, presents the picture of waves and billows of mountains, as if some mighty storm were moving the masses of the solid earth, or rather as if it *had* moved them, and the wand of some enchanter had arrested them in their undulations, and fixed and solidified them for ever. We sat upon the edge of rocks from which the hand of malice might have pushed us instantly into a most frightful gulf. At our feet, apparently at the depth of miles, it lay scooped out like a vast cauldron, wherein the tops of the forest were tossing in the summer breeze like emerald waves of the sea. It was a profound abyss of greenery, into which it seemed as if we could almost drop a plummet. Looking northerly, another peak, still higher than the one on which we sat, rose up, which is called the *Chim*, between which and us there intervened a wild and arid vale. North and south, as far as the eye could reach, the great chain of mountains extended. Toward the east, we saw the fertile counties of Caledonia and Lamoille; on the west, the Little Winooski River sparkled on its way, and we caught, through the blue mist, a glimpse of the noble Champlain.

'We had but a short time to stay, and our eyes, however circumspect and active, could but gaze about and pasture a little on the glorious scene. It seemed, indeed, as if a life-time would scarce suffice one to appreciate it in all its multitudinous details, phases, lights, and shadows. It is one thing when the tender buds put forth in

spring-time, and another when the corn grows ripe in autumn, and when the train of the departing year sweeps by with colors which might make the rainbow jealous; it is another when a snowy mantle rests upon all the far-spread realm of desolation, when the sun shines with dazzling splendor on myriad icy points and massive pendants, and the moon sheds down her softer brilliance on a cold yet fairy spectacle.

'The elevation to which we had attained is called 'The Nose;' for these mountains at a distance are thought to bear some resemblance to a man lying on his back. In fact, they look very much like the figure of a monstrous TITAN, who has composed himself on his vertebrae for a little night-mare, with the thin blue coverlet of the clouds down over him, but who has kicked the warm covering to his feet. Half-way between the Nose and the Chin, we observe a great black hole, which is the opening of a cavern leading down into the bowels of the mountain. What a place that for the religious or literary anchorite! He might fill his milk-pail from the udders of the she-bear, dip his pen in the inky darkness, indite his manuscripts by the eye-balls of the ferocious wild-cat, get his belly full of earthquakes, and grow fat on all kinds of dismal things.

'After 'observation with extensive observation had for a while observed' the scene, our party might be seen strewed like so many carcases on the rocks, while an eagle who was bathing his plumes far over-head in the golden sun-beams, ogled us for a while, but, after a consultation with his crony, the vulture, thought that the game was too heavy, and went a-tortoising in the woods. The Rector of All-Cherubim was busily employed at his note-book, making a little map of the country to show his sister when he got home. The learned Doctor caught a bug. Mr. LYNGO was uncorking a bottle of claret. As to the renowned Long-Legs, he had put off with the guide two or three miles farther to the Chin, where he could just be discerned, apparently no larger than a fly. MERRYALL we could see, by the aid of a glass, trudging along in the valley of Dry Bones, and climbing, like a Lilliputian, up to the Chin. The individual who now holds the pen was beholding with secret amazement a small wild-flower which grew under the lee of a rock. Then it was that I felt, in all the fulness of its beauty, the idea of GRAY. It was a miracle of perfection, in the very midst of a gaunt and awful solitude; a touching tenderness of Nature vouchsafed to woo a human sympathy, even in the sternest and most majestic mood. O thou little wild-flower on the high, unpeopled mountain-top! what if thou be doomed to bloom seldom, and oft to blush unseen! A rare glance at thy coyness is better than all the bloom and luxury of the vale. I never knew thy worth until it was thrown in contrast with largeness, and with the forms of grandeur, while the whole wide, wide world appealed, in one magnificent and distracting vision, to the sight. Thine accents are not lost amid the voices of multitudes, even as the roar of the cataract is powerful, yet it 'cannot drown the chirping of a bird.'

'An inspection of the promontory on which we were sitting presently revealed to us that it had an enormous fissure. We were afterward informed that for many years it had been expected to fall, and it has been designed to detach it with gun-powder, and hurl it down like an avalanche into the plain.

'Time flies, whether we soar with the eagle or crawl with the snail. It was no easy matter to find the way back from this pathless peak to the identical place in the lower regions where our horses had been tied. Some people, however, have an Indian-like tact in such matters. After nosing about for a few minutes, like so many grey-hounds, we struck the trail, and found the beasts. My own, from hav-

ing been unscientifically tied, had wandered to a distance, and was treading on his bridle. There are no horse-thieves, thanks to the salubrity of the air, on Mansfield Mountain, and very little sin of any kind. There are some few traces of it in the vale below; a few scattered foot-prints of the Devil on the fallow-ground between the church-steeple; nothing of any consequence, they say. But here, an eloquent and glorious sermon has been preaching from all time, and all the rocks, the crags, the hills, the vales respond *Amen!*

'We came down from the mount with our faces all a-glow with pious feeling. I did not find the descent preferable to the upward journey. We threw the reins over the horses' backs, for, being trained to this work, they are much like donkeys, and know their own business best, and step down the rocky stairs, and slide down the rocks, with their feet all together, and pick their way among the gnawed roots. Permit them to wag their tails by way of rudder, if you are wise, and let the tackling alone; otherwise you will be shaken off like a horse-chestnut into the neighboring bushes. We arrived safely at the stopping-place where 'Our Maid of the Mountain,' our 'Lady of the Log-Hut,' was providing dinner, to which we presently sat down with the voracity of bears. It was not until the dessert was cleared away, that the voice of SPAULDING was heard, and he strode in with his long stick. The guide, a stout man, who came with him, swore roundly that he was 'done up.' We arrived safely at the farm-house, reached the tavern at the village of Stowe, in good season, and ere sun-down were arrived within sight of Montpelier, and the Doric columns of the capitol. Thus ended our mountain journey, which was accomplished to the satisfaction of SPAULDING, the Long-Legs, of Mr. LYNGO, of the Rector of All-Cherubim, of Mr. MERRYALL, of Dr. FINSFELDT, and of the individual who now holds the pen. But we hope yet to accomplish greater things. *Excelsior!*

F. W. S.'

'CINDERELLA' AT THE BROADWAY THEATRE. — A VERY great 'treat' we had at the *Broadway Theatre*, the other evening, in listening to the never-firing opera of '*Cinderella*,' (the first opera, by the bye, that we ever heard,) as presented by the 'PYNE and HARRISON troupe.' It is carefully and beautifully put upon the stage, and was played and sung to perfection. The palmy days of '*The Old Park*' came vividly back to us, as we drank in that simple, delicious music, and glanced round upon a house full in every part of elaborately-dressed and delighted auditors. All that was wanted to create a complete illusion was poor JOHN FISHER as *Pedro*, and HARRY PLACIDE as *Baron Pompolino*. These parts, however, were well played by Mr. DAVIDGE and Mr. HORNCastle; but we lacked PLACIDE's voice and *action* in the Baron, in 'Ye tormentors! wherefore came ye?' and in the capital scene with *Dandini*, where, 'without motion, without action, a perfect petrification, he sits upon his chair.' The popularity of this opera, as produced and performed at '*The Broadway*,' is a sufficient testimony to the liberality of the management and the merits of the singers. It has been played a month to crowded and still undiminished audiences. Will Mr. HARRISON permit us to remark, that if he would impart more life to his *action* it would be an improvement?

CORRESPONDENCE FROM 'CAMP COMFORT.'—'Just now,' says Mr. WILLIS, in one of his letters from Idlewild, 'we are wondering over an up-town belle.*' One of the prettiest ones we remember has 'broke out in a new place;' and from being an infantine beauty in her teens, as when last we saw her, a year or two ago, she is writing such poetry as Mrs. HEMANS only wrote after the saddening of a life-time.' This introduces, with a fanciful signature, the feeling '*Lines to my Brother in Illness*,' which were written, under the author's own initials, for the KNICKERBOCKER. This charming lady-writer is 'Our Own Correspondent,' 'J. K. L.,' whose communications from 'Camp Comfort, Chateaugueay Lake,' have delighted our readers, and whose favors, of which the subjoined is a continuation, it may be safely assumed, will lose nothing in piquancy and interest as they 'progress' with changing incidents and scenes:

'Camp Comfort, Chateaugueay Lake, Sept., 1854.

'THIS afternoon, I am left all alone at the cabin, preferring to remain and indulge in my own reveries, to accompanying the gentlemen on their fishing expedition; for with all the talents the good LORD has bestowed upon me, that of ensnaring the *finny tribe* is not among the number. It may be want of practice—for the truth is that my first experiment in that line gave me rather a distaste for the amusement. It happened something in this wise: Being one of a party bound upon a fishing excursion, I did not like to acknowledge my utter ignorance of the art; so I kept my own counsel, and when we reached the banks of the stream where operations were to be commenced, I quietly took my rod and line, which was arranged for me by one of the gentlemen, affected a knowing air, and slowly followed the party along the beautifully-wooded sides of the river, throwing my line now and then into the frothing eddies, as I saw the others do, then stopping to admire the beautiful mosses and delicate wild-flowers which covered the turf at my feet. It was a lovely day in June; the air was like the breath of angels stealing sweetly and soothingly upon my cheek. The little birds seemed to be indulging in a game of 'hide-and-go-seek' among the leafy boughs overhead, and calling to each other merrily the while. The sunlight glanced and sparkled upon the waters, and the gurgling sound of the running stream carried me back in imagination to the early days of childhood, when my favorite place of resort was a little cave by the sea-side, where I spent many happy hours, playing with shells and bright-colored pebbles. Well, I've had men's hearts for play-things since those days; but they never have afforded me half the amusement those simple toys did then—probably because there was not so much variety in them!

'After wandering along for some time, musing as I went, stumbling over rocks, tearing my dress, and getting my line in a snarl every five minutes, I began to be

* SEE the last number of the KNICKERBOCKER, in her letter to the EDITOR, page 192: 'Do you never long to be away from all the forms and restraints of fashion, in God's beautiful world, to roam in freedom over the mountains, and wander through the fields? Well, I used to, when I was a girl. Many a night, after leaving a ball-room, where I had been courted, followed, and flattered, (for I was a belle in my young days,) I have sat at my window, looking up at the stars, and instead of thinking of my beaux, as doubtless many of them flattered themselves I was doing, I was musing upon the silly life I was leading, and wishing to be away from it all, off in the wild woods, away from the trammels of society and fashion; and my heart longed for another heart which should cherish and prize it—a real heart, a manly heart; in fact, something quite different from the spurious articles which pass current in our ball rooms.'

rather tired of my piscatory efforts, agreeing heartily with Dr. JOHNSON in his definition of fishing, and bestowed upon myself most liberally the definition with which he honors the lovers of the sport. *Sport*, forsooth! great sport this! thought I, to be climbing over rocks, creeping under bushes, with a delicate pole, ten feet long, in your hand! As my reflections reached this stage, I came to a more open space, a little green spot, beneath a fine old beech-tree, and there I seated myself, resolved to have a few moments' rest, at least; but I left my line dangling in the water, fearing lest I might be surprised by some of my companions, and accused of laziness. I sat watching the artificial fly upon my hook, and thinking how much ingenuity and care men expended to ensnare the poor simple fishes; and thought succeeded thought, till fancy took the reins, and leading me whither she would, finally left me in the land of dreams. And methought I was angling for *men*, instead of fishes. I seemed to have unlimited resources at my command, and I was informed by one who claimed greater worldly knowledge than myself, that I should find all these necessary in catering for the various tastes and dispositions of those I wished to secure. There were many looking wistfully at the hook, as though they would certainly bite, could the bait be made sufficiently tempting. To a lawyer I offered a seat on the bench; to a doctor, fame and fortune; but, with a dissatisfied shake of the head, they passed on. I sought to tempt a distinguished clergyman with the offer of a bishopric, but he thoughtfully declined to be thus entrapped. To a poet I offered a myrtle wreath, to a soldier I offered laurels; but they passed me by with haughty bows, declining to notice me further. I was nearly discouraged by my want of success, when my attention was attracted by the fixed gaze of a handsome young student, and wishing to secure so bright a prize, I offered high honors and distinction, and the praise of mankind; but he turned his dark eyes reproachfully upon me, and disappeared. So I tried one more — a man of the world, without any fixed profession — and I offered him friendship. I thought he was caught, for he actually jumped at the hook; but I did not succeed in securing him that time; so I began to think I was wasting my time and accomplishing nothing. But I selected my next bait with care and deliberation, and threw it in among them. Ah! ha! see what a magical effect! All caught at once — the poet, the student, and man of the world — all, all held captive by a *pretty woman's smile*! I was just exulting in my success, when I was startled from my sleep by a sudden jerk, and sprung to my feet, to see my fishing-rod going full speed down stream. However, it soon became entangled among the rocks, and I ran along the bank in the hope of regaining it; but in vain; it was quite out of my reach, and all I could do was to wait patiently the return of my companions and obtain their assistance in my ridiculous dilemma. But while I waited, I vowed a vow to the god or goddess that presides over fishes, that, should I recover my rod in safety, I would never again have any thing to do with such scaly subjects! When my friends returned, my pole was rescued, with only the line broken; but my mishap furnished the party with a subject of merriment which they made the most of. The gentlemen depicted in glowing colors the large-sized fish that it must have been to break so strong a line, and pretended devout thankfulness that he had not drawn me into the stream with him! I bore all their jokes with the best grace I could, but I quietly made up my mind never to be caught in the like scrape again, and have kept my resolution in spite of all entreaties; and here I am, all alone by the lake-shore. The sun has set; the last brilliant cloud has faded from the horizon; a purple haze has spread over the surrounding mountains; the shadows of night are deepening; when, suddenly, the calm, pale moon glides up silently into the heavens, and wood, lake, and mountain

stand revealed in its pure, clear light. Hark! the sound of distant oars! The fishermen are returning, and I must be up and doing: stir the fire, put on the tea-kettle, and make some preparations for broiling some trout — an art in which I am getting quite expert, though it is quite amusing to see the looks of surprise with which the hunters watch any such effort on my part, as though they fancied I was not much used to that sort of thing. Well, if I spin out my letter much longer, I shall not have supper ready for those hungry fishermen; so, with many apologies for such a meagre one, I'll bid you adieu.

Yours truly,

J. K. L.

GOSSIP WITH READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS. — '*Wiley Harbuckel's Letter*,' from Clark County, Alabama, which ensues, is a genuine document, save the name and the chirography, the latter of which defies all transfer. It was addressed to a commission-house in Mobile. 'It displays (writes the obliging friend at New-Orleans from whom we receive it) the characteristics of a class hitherto not described, the small planter of the South, with whom there is a vein of genuine practical piety and kind domestic feeling, which deserves to be appreciated. I have observed that you specially affect any thing that is thoroughly *American*; and I am sure you will see that this letter is, as well as thoroughly Southern, and giving moreover a phase of life in the South not on record.' Our correspondent speaks of *other* letters of 'MR. HARBUCKET.' Let us have them by all means:

'Clark County, Ala., November 16, 1854.

'MR. BROWN SMITH AND JOHNSON, MOBILE:

'DEAR SIR: After what is due to frendship I rite you these fue lines to inform you of the deth of my wife she departed this Life on wensday mornin the foreteen of this present month in great Peece of congetiv chils Her funeral is to be preechd sunday weak at Salem church brother Fog of fishiating which is the okashin of my-riting thes fue lines to order you to send me a soot of close and 1 Barl Whiky as I want to make a respektible apearans on that solim Okashin I am five foot 10 and way 155 pound wait you must selekt me a good article yourself close that fits your wayer Mr JIM GOODEN will about fit if anything a leetle chunkier. I want DEXTER's best at a far price for my niggers to keep off the chils which is preevalin in this sexshun of country make a strong pot of coffy well biled and strong put in a handful of pepers and 1 pint whisky give every hand a cup ful in proportion goin to the field of a mornin before the Jews is off and give your niggers warm close and wool sox nit and chils is no whar let them try this reseeet that likes — my wife paternized the Steem Practize and took there medsin the reglar Fackilty mout have save life, then agin they mout not GOD HE knose Hrs will be done. SARAH JANE HARBUCKET was 27 year nine months and three days old when she departed this life — a good wife and a pius Christian woman likewise a consistent member of the Baptist perswaysbin let us all likewise be prepared

SHE has gone to ABRAHAM's brest
Thar to lay and rest
with angels in the sky
unto a long eternity
and we are left to mourn
and wish our lot was hern

leaving a diskonslat husband and three small childring all boys — she was also a gradyouate of MARION Collidge and her Diploma sertyfying to the same hangs before me sad relick of the past and advantage your humble servant never enjoyed bein raised hard and pore but I am thankful in the fear of the LORD so you must excuse riting and spelling whar amiss — also excuse my feelings on this okashin out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh says the Book — but gents bisness is bisness craps has not turned out what I expected and lookd for and I allers expected they would not havin no seezins to make truck grow my crap is 19 Bags with nine grown hands besides childring that helps considerable in pickin: however a far crap of corn and no meet to buy

'WILEY HARBUCKET my crap 19 Bails Number 1 to 19 — DANL BUNN his crap 11 Bails JOHN T SHADRACK his crap and too bales he tuck in trade the 2 Bails marked with a cross make them County Sales to itself in all 15 Bags for JOHN T SHADRACK — DAVID PIPKINS 9 Bags — my nigger has one Bag marked WILEY HARBUCKET with boys below on the hed which I want the county sales sepat to itself the proseeds sent to me in calicker and things for the niggers accordin to the bill inclosed — Boy JOE has one shar BOB one shar ELLIAH one shar NANCY one shar and a caliker dress to cost not morn a dollar and haf extra to be charged to my county sales — and the balluns of the niggers bag they wants sent in cotton stockins for womin and a peece of crape not to cost too much for the funeral which I am willin to gratify them espeshally NANCY who is a faithful servant and wayted on my decessed wife faithful — so you will please fill the Bill in the shars accordin to the best of your jugement according to the Bill In regarding of the Cotton shipped to your best care and attension the lint is extra nise and all put up neetly at my gin and all DEAN seed cotton and a nise artickle and neetly put up to averidge 450 to 500 pound and the rise at my gin and the niggers bail nigh on to 600 pound not bein enuff for andother bail — Now Gent we ships all to your house and gives your house our paternidge and we want the biggest dollar our cotton will fetch which is much needed at these presents money bein skase and a short crap and expenses hevvy at this ritin and not to sackrifise our produse on the first offer and let no man way our cotton but JIM GOODEN, which will be satisfactory to all conserved and does us justis in the waits — my naybors has trusted this bisness to me and I leev all to your best jugement when to sell and don't set no limit but think prices will go up when folks come to kno how pore a crap is made in this sexshun not haf craps and send every man his county sales to him accordin to name at MOTTS Post offis Clark county alabama and the county sales of the 2 Bails for JOHN T SHADRACK sepat and the one Bag of my niggers to me sepat to itself: I will send in to the Peach Tree for the close and things ordered — by Friday evening providence permittin — I wanted to go down myself but the LORD has ordered it differunt

'your letter in regardin the war and the money market is reseerved also the papers for which you have my best respecks — I have not bin abil to consider the subjeck bein under all the deep watters but the LORD be praised I am supported under this affitxshun and will rite you my idees as requested in a short time the LORD permittin

'no more at present from yours to command

WILEY HARBUCKET'

This correspondence 'opens rich.' - - - We remember well when our first little boy was born — the joy, the rapture with which he was welcomed to this breathing world. When he had reached the age of eight months, he was thought by every body who saw him to be a most lovely child. He was

very beautiful; so much so that many said — in friendly warning against inordinate love and over-weening affection — that he was *too* spiritual, 'too bright on earth to stay.' They had a presentiment that, although he was at the time in perfect health, the dear little child 'was not long for this world.' And they were right. When he was about fourteen months old, he was 'ta'en awa' in the fa' of the year.' His small frame grew attenuate; the matchless brightness of his eyes waxed dim; his 'pretty, playful ways, and all his little wiles' were no more: and one night, at the going out of the tide — for we are on the sea-shore with him — he was 'taken up into heaven.' Our *only* loss of dear ones, thank God: and yet when we receive lines like the following, and the MOTHER scans them, as only a mother *can*, we offer a fervent prayer, that to *others* there may be 'no sorrow like unto our sorrow.' Surely '*My Daughter*' is from the pen of 'my daughter's mother:'

'SHE is our lily and our rose,
Our darling little blue-eyed girl;
Her golden hair falls round her face
In many a bright and glossy curl:
And soft her baby laughter rings,
It is as when a robin sings.

'Her smile is like the light itself,
So very pure and glad it is:
I've seen the brow of pain unbend,
In answer to her sweet caress.
Her tears are like the early showers
Which fall 'mid sunshine on the flowers.

'Ah me! how dreary were our home,
If aught should still those dancing feet,
And if she never more should come,
Her loving father's step to meet.
My God! permit it not to be,
For she is life itself to me!

'I'm watching o'er her as she sleeps;
A holy calm is all around;
Her breathing is so soft and low,
I scarce can catch the gentle sound.
With almost awe my spirit bows:
I 'have an angel in the house!'

This last line, we take it, refers to a verse in the eleventh chapter of Acts: 'And he showed them how he had seen an angel in his house.' Forbid it that we should awaken in any mother's heart a foreboding of the future: not so: we would inculcate only that *present* appreciation of the choicest blessings vouchsafed to us by the loving FATHER. 'In how many nameless forms, (in other domestic circles,) does DEATH beset helpless infancy and innocent childhood! From the cradle, what an endless procession to the grave! The little hand falls powerless; the eye, just learning to love the light, retires within its sealed fringes; the tongue that just began to lisp the mother's name is mute; and *she*, with a sorrow that words have never told, is a weeper over a small green mound, or starting, at midnight stretches out her empty arms in vain!' - - - An instance of '*Mistaken Philanthropy*,' which while it will amuse, *should* convey a very good practical lesson. Perhaps it will:

'THERE are, no doubt, many cases of mistaken philanthropy in the market, although very little of the 'real stuff,' which is in great demand, can be found. The following can be relied on: A few years ago, on the day before Thanksgiving, an excellent friend of ours, now no more, went to market to make provision for his own family, and a number of guests who were expected at his hospitable board. He purchased, as was usual at that season, a noble turkey, whose weight almost defied lifting. Casting his eye about, he discovered a small boy with apparently nothing to do:

'My lad,' said he, 'I will give you a shilling to carry this bird home.'

'Thank you, sir,' replied the boy; 'I am the one to do it. My mother 'll thank you too.'

'The worthy gentleman paid the money on the spot, but called the receiver back to add a bunch of crisp celery and some vegetables to the basket, after which he went on his way, and thought no more of the morrow. He that provideth not for his own household has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. And it came to pass on the day after, that is to say, on Thanksgiving morning, the host took his hat and cane for a walk, when he was inquired of in his own house what provision he had made for dinner.

'Why,' said he, 'we will have *that turkey*, to be sure. Did you ever see a finer?'

'*What turkey?*' was asked, with marked emphasis.

'Why, that turkey which I sent yesterday. I told a little boy to carry it home, and gave him a shilling for his trouble.'

'He has never brought it.'

'I see how it is,' replied the host, laughing, 'he has carried it home indeed. The markets are closed now. We must fast upon Thanksgiving Day.'

'I will mention, however, that the boy's mother was thankful for the fowl; that the poor family feasted well; that their dinner was not dressed with any herbs of suspicion; while matters were so managed that the worthy giver and his friends never fared better than they did on that day, and lost nothing.'

—
HEAR the voice of our friend and correspondent, 'H. P. L.,' as he cries from out a swamp in Louisiana:

'I'm beginning to believe with the cockney, 'There's nothink like the music of h'owls.' All night long, a big *primo-basso* owl sings like a horse from the cypress slough near my log-house, and, after he has executed a solo, a grand chorus strikes up from another slough, and is received by the wakeful audience with unbounded disapprobation. I've a great sympathy for stuffed owls, with glass eyes; they are classical. I can 'go' a 'squab-owl' at DELMONICO'S, in the season; but d — n all live, singing owls! (I feel confident that oath never will be registered: it never was heard: those ill-omened birds hooted it down.)

'Yes, Sir. I'm in the swamp. Stop and dine with me; you shall have a mallard-duck and venison-steaks. There's still a few bottles of that 1834 Cognac left. We'll smoke a segar over a cup of *café noir*, and then Old JOE shall bring 'round the horses, and we'll take a short swamp ride.

'Good! we've dined, smoked, and coffeed. We haven't any *nerves* in the swamp, so light another segar, and let's mount our horses. Hold on! Here, 'SHOUT,' here! Did you ever see a handsomer hound than 'SHOUT?' Look at those full, round, liquid, dark-brown eyes; watch the fall of that long silky ear, hanging almost to his cold black muzzle; look at his jet-black glossy back, his tanned legs and chest. Isn't he a picture? We'll take him along, if only to hear the music of his voice when he strikes a deer-track. We start, in a few minutes reach the road: on our left hand, at the distance of quarter-of-a-mile, stands a cypress swamp; the tall shafts of the trees shoot up till they begin to see day-light; their tops shaped like an inverted funnel, leafless, the long hanging gray moss nearly covering them, they stand like mourning emblems over the mausoleum of some dead — Past. Between us and the cypress-trees stretches a field of cotton. the dark-brown dead stalks here and there still show a boll, with its white contents pendant. Over there at the end of the field is the cotton-gin; between it and the overseer's house stand the negro 'quarters.' On we ride. To our left, in another field, they are ploughing. Thirty mules, fifteen ploughs, fifteen negroes, with fifteen voices shouting, 'Goo alaung dar, Sn vx!' 'Gee up, PRINCE!' 'Whoa, BUCK!

what you 'bout dar?' etc. To our right-hand, deep woods; opening a gate, we skirt their edge. Look out for the long sharp thorns of those locust trees! That trail of brilliant crimson is a red-bird, winging from bush to bush; and yet another, and another. There sits the gray-backed, white-breasted Quakeress of the woods, the mocking-bird; not modest, though, and silent in the vernal hour, but full of life and mockery. Here the blue-birds fly; over there, a whistling, twittering flock of rice-birds fill a moss-hung cypress, taking wing; as we ride by, we feel the rush of their rustling flight. Are we in the tropics? Well might those brilliantly-green fan-shaped palmettos mislead us; and as we ride through them, their lance-pointed leaves scrape along your bridle-rein, so high do they grow. The deer seek that cluster of dark berries, shooting up on the long stalk from the palmetto. The road ascends, and soon we are riding through a cane-ridge; the long, feathery stems reaching far above our heads, the bright leaves waving in the Southern winter wind. We are through the ridge. At our feet runs a bayou, scarce two feet of water in it, where twenty sometimes are seen. We ride down, cross over, and are again among the palmettos. 'Ah! who-o-o-o! who-o! hugh!' there cries SHOUT. He's struck a deer-track. What crashing of leaves is that? Look! look! there goes a doe, her white tail up, lobing along ten feet at a jump. Isn't that a neat sight? 'Rayther, I should think!' Look out for that hanging vine! Too late; your scratched face will warn you for another time, and then do no good; for he who rides through these cane-braked, palmetto-patched, thorned, hanging-vined woods and swamps will never escape from sundry wounds, scratches, and twistings. But we've ridden to the river, and we can't get across; and, as I do n't see an alligator to make a raft of, let's turn back to barracks. To-morrow, early, hurrah for a deer-hunt with BEN GOOD, and his pack of hounds! If you have a prescription for the 'buck-ague,' prepare it to-night; you know not what to-morrow will bring forth. As the sun sets, how beautifully gleam those fires! They are burning cotton-brush and corn-stalks, while over there toward the cypress slough, gleam the great fires of giant trees, girdled seasons past, but now just fired. How the flames lick up their sides till, finally, the top is reached, and you see one long fiery column, and then another and another blazing in light.

H. P. L.

'February 1855.'

'More anon' from the same pleasant pen. - - - PASSING along in the neighborhood of our long-time town-residence the other day, we could n't resist the inclination to 'drop in' for a moment, and ask permission of our 'successors' to 'look at the premises'; explaining, that it was only out of old associations, having occupied the house for so many years, that we desired the privilege. It was cheerfully granted. Every thing was new, from top to bottom, and 'neat as wax.' The sanctum, which was formerly of oak, was now whiter than snow with polished zinc-paint; and exactly where the 'Editor's Table' stood, and as near its size as it could well be, was a polished rose-wood crib, with a dear little baby-boy in it, of about a year old, of which his handsome mother had good reason to be proud. Right glad were we to find the sanctum, where we had passed so many pleasant hours, so innocently tenanted. Having 'satisfied the sentiment,' we came away, thinking of many things that had occurred in that same dwelling, and that same apartment, which we might hereafter mention in a desultory '*Reminiscence of our Town Sanctums.*' We love New-York, our home for nearly a quarter of a century, with an affection 'passing the love of women'; and it is a delight to us to

know that, should life and health be spared us, our residence will always be in such 'easy reach' of it that we can still claim it as 'ours,' in a social as well as business point of view. We know and have traversed every foot of all its vast extent; and how many tried, genial friends have we within its ample borders! Our heart warms at the thought. People talk about its 'rowdyism,' etc., and doubtless there has been too much of it in days gone by: but we have walked its streets, at all hours of the day and night, and in all directions, for twenty-five years, and never had a hand raised toward us, nor an offensive word addressed to us, in all that time. This is at least 'good luck' in a 'rowdy city.' - - - We have a fancy that there must be something in the atmosphere accompanying the warm, big-flaked snow-storms of this meridian, which is not unlike the moist climate of England, which we are sure would be most grateful to us. We cannot resist the inclination to be 'out' in a warm snow-shower. We have walked six miles in one, this twenty-fourth day of January, and seldom have we enjoyed a walk more. How it sends the warm red blood to the cheeks; how the mellow mass '*crumples*' beneath your feet; feeling like the sensation, and having something the sound, of handling new potato-starch in a country farmhouse — the next thing to snow, in purity and whiteness — not unlike also, in sound, to the low purr of a young kitten. Our walk led us by the old Tappaân-Town road; and we passed an old church-yard, some of the memorial-stones of which were more than a century old. WASHINGTON must have passed them hundreds of times to reach his 'Head-Quarters.' Brown, and covered with the green moss of age, they looked solemn and impressive through the spotless whiteness of the thick-falling snow. Among the inscriptions upon later grave-stones we noticed two, which arrest attention. The first was of a young man of eighteen years of age: 'All my days are as an hand's breath, and my years are as nothing in Thy sight.' The second:

'A HEAP of dust is all that's here —
Do n't let it cause a single tear.'

A recognition of the blessed hope of immortality which struck us as equally simple and forcible. - - - We very well remember the day, although how many years it was since, we cannot now recal, when the late FLAUVEL GOURAUD, the Mnemotechnist, called upon us at the sanctum, and desired us to accompany him to his apartment at the St. GEORGE Hotel, below Trinity Church, to examine specimens of a new art of transferring all forms and objects in nature; to transfix them at once upon permanent plates; an art but just at that period discovered or invented by a Mons. DAGUERRE, of Paris, and of which he had several remarkable copies. Nothing loth, we went with him; and 'then and there' saw numerous specimens of the first Daguerreotypes ever seen in this city. And greatly do we regret the subsequent loss of one, of which he made us a present — a charming 'Scene on the Seine,' embracing a fine view of the Louvre. But what was the art *then*, in contrast with the perfection to which it has now arrived? Let the magnificent Daguerrian saloons, such as may be found in Broadway, BRADY'S, GURNEY'S, ROOT'S, and the like, make answer. But *another* style has recently 'come out,' as the shop-keepers say, and that is the *Phototype*.

We have examined specimens of this art at BRADY'S, the only ones indeed that we have ever seen, which are wonderfully fine, natural, artistic. What think you of daguerreotyping upon fine white Bristol-board, with all the softness, delicacy of shading, and graceful effect of the most elaborate miniature or original drawing? And yet this is the art; and if Mr. BRADY will show his visitors the portrait of our friend and contemporary, Mr. DANA, of *'The Tribune'* daily journal, or any of the six or eight others which we examined, they will acquit us of any exaggeration in our praise of this new phase in the art of 'sun-painting.' It is in truth a most extraordinary and very beautiful improvement. - - - 'It was a Sunday evening,' and such a Sunday evening! Few people along the shores of the Tappaan-Zee will forget the night of Sunday, the twenty-first of January. 'The rains descended, the winds blew, and the floods came!' The Zee 'wrought and was temptuous'; for through the howling of the storm we could hear at fitful intervals the 'voices of all his waves.' We

——— 'never *did* like molestation view
Of the enchaîned flood.'

'Where we lay, chimneys were blown down; trees were uprooted and prostrate in many a direction; the balustrade of our neighbor's house lay prone on the ground; the outer roof of the great dépôt at the end of the Pier was rolled up like a scroll; in short, it was apparent that universal havoc had been let loose. But what we were going to tell you was this: that night, about ten o'clock, while we were listening to the roaring of the wind, the pelting of the pitiless storm, and feeling ever and anon the 'rocking of the battlements,' there dashed in between the blind and the panes of a French window that opens upon the piazza, a storm-tossed little bird. Led by the bright light of a 'Carcel,' he had sought the hospitality of our little cottage, (he never could have reached the 'Giraffe-House,' towering far above us,) which was eagerly awarded him. He was panting with his struggles against the elements, and not a little frightened at the joyous cries of the 'little people.' Round and round about the room he flew; *alighting invariably upon the head of Washington*, in KNEELAND'S beautiful equestrian statuette of the 'PATRIA PATRIE,' (which you may see well represented in the right upper corner of the picture of the sanctum, in the volume of *'Knicks-Knacks from an Editor's Table'* by the scribbler hereof.) The little prisoner seemed to be devoid of fear, the moment he rested upon the calm head of the 'Saviour of his Country,' as if there was no danger while near his protecting arm. Crumbled bread was sprinkled by the little folk upon the pedestals of a couple of vases, and the shelves of the *encognures* in the corners of the room; a small shallow vessel of water was temptingly placed for the satisfaction of his thirst, should he chance to become 'dry' during the night; and he was left 'alone in his glory' in the sanctum. In the morning, he was fresh and invigorated with rest; the air was clear and cold; the sun shone brightly; and when the window was opened, you should have seen that liberated little bird dart upward till he was lost in the celestial blue! He 'evanished like a thought, nor wist we whither he went.' Come and see us again, little bird! - - - MARY RUSSELL MITFORD, the amiable and accomplished authoress of so many charming and popular

works, which, with the mention of her name, will instantly arise to the mind of the reader, is dead. She had nearly reached her 'three-score-years-and-ten,' and passed from this to a better life with the same kindly, cheerful, equable spirit which was always her preëminent characteristic while on earth. Owing to the kind care of Mr. FRANCIS BENNOCH, a man of fine literary talent, a Scottish merchant in London, (with whose relatives in America we are glad to be acquainted,) who negotiated and procured the issue of her volumes, she possessed until the last the 'enjoyment of every human comfort of which her condition was susceptible.' We observe it stated that the Rev. Mr. HARNESS was throughout life her 'constant friend and most judicious adviser.' Mr. HARNESS, it will be remembered, was the executor of CHARLES KEMBLE. He is a most estimable, genial man, an eminent clergyman of the Church of England, who manifests a cordial sympathy with the intellectual and worthy literary class of Great-Britain. When Mr. DICKENS visited this country, he brought letters of introduction from Mr. HARNESS to the late Bishop WAINWRIGHT, and one or two other distinguished citizens; and we well remember the cordial encomiums which they mutually passed upon his many excellences of character, one evening in the sanctum. He is reputed on all hands to be a man of devoted piety, without a particle of *illiberalism* in his truly Christian nature. - - - Is n't it singular, somewhat? Lately, we published a vigorous, striking piece of verse, from the writer of the following stanzas, carelessly penned; blotted expressions written over with substituted words, and the whole chirographical aspect against it; yet the spirit which informed it at once arrested attention, and compelled admiration. So will the present lines on '*Death*,' to whose external aspect the foregoing remarks will equally apply:

'SHUDDERING we gaze upon the face of DEATH,
So still, so cold and terrible it seems;
A human form, unwarmed by human breath,
A sleep, unvisited by gentle dreams.

'And trembling thus, we fear to enter in,
Where such a Shape before the portal stands;
Small welcome hope we from those lips to win,
And a cold greeting from those icy hands!

'But we were bidden; leave such ill-timed fear:
Pass boldly through the heavy doors of state,
To where within the Host holds lordly cheer,
Nor heed his marble image at the gate.'

c.

Is not that singularly impressive? - - - Our enjoyment of a most pleasant incident that occurred after breakfast this morning, in the sanctum, would hardly have been honest, if we could agree with the reasoning of our correspondent '*QUARLES*,' in the '*Papers of our Bachelors' Club*.' There was something singular about the movements of little José to-day. She came into the sanctum, where we were scribbling, with her gay calico and 'mouselin-de-lain' doll-'fixings,' and a small china 'head and shoulders,' with the usual expressive features of the juvenile celestial manikins. She plied her needle and thread, and *seemed* very busy, but some how or another, she was evidently 'ill at ease.' She kept her big eyes upon *us* too, in a kind of furtive way, that, to say the least, was unusual; and whenever we took up one

of our little slips of 'Gossip' paper, she seemed to regard the simple act with so much interest that we could n't help asking: 'What do you see, José? — what do you want?' She said, 'Nothing, father,' and we kept on at our work. But all at once 'it leaked out.' Between the 'Gossipry'-slips the little gipsy had placed a 'book-mark,' which she herself had been for some time clandestinely 'working' on a small oblong piece of perforated Bristol-board, with a red-silk ornamented border, inside of which were the green-worsted words, '*My Father.*' Her uneasiness and its cause 'stood revealed.' Her's is now our 'book-mark.' It shall be laid between the leaves of no volume that we do n't like, and cannot cordially praise. Pieces of paper, pencil-marks, 'dogs'-ears' even, (a slovenly practice,) we shall essay, rather than to desecrate that shy and delicate 'mark' of affection so characteristically expressed. - - - Ah! ha! — cold up *thereaway* too, eh? Thought so. It could n't have been *otherwise* than cold, anywhere within five hundred miles of Gotham, at that date. But 'Spring-time of the year is coming, boys!' The back of old Winter is broken. He may be 'so as to be *about*,' a little longer; but he won't be so '*stubbled*' as he has been:

'Troy Carpet-Mills, February 27, 1855.

'THERMOMETER TWENTY-THREE DEGREES BELOW NOTHING.

DEAR KNICK: I thaw my ink to say
The weather's on a spree:
Thermometers have burst their bulbs,
Quicksilver's 'duty free.'

Business is dead — all liquids are
Solidified stagnation;
And e'en the Hudson River can't
Go on in liquidation.

'The water-fall's no more a fall,
So winterish is the weather;
And all the drops are dropping *up*
In frozen mist together.

'My wheels have wheeléd into line,
As one vast solid column;
And all my *works* are bound at last
In one stupendous volume.

'The race-way's run its final race,
The waste-weir's now no waste wear:
While in my flume the anchor-ice
Is anchored everywhere.

'My colors now are colorless —
My dyeing all is dead:
And though I'm bothered with the blues,
My nose is very red.

'My boiler's quit of all its boils,
The fireman's nose is frozen:
And my hot-water pails have kicked
The bucket by the dozen.

'My old Norr's stove is not a stove,
It's just a ventilator;
And my new grate has proved to be
A great refrigerator.

'The watchman's fires all 'end in smoke';
Even daylight is ice-bound:
For the shadow of the chimney-stack
Is frozen to the ground.

'Tis thus obtuse, we're left, dear KNICK,
Opaque, dull, lifeless, stolid:
No breath of life — no genial warmth —
In fact, I'm *frozen solid*!

'PAUL MARTINDALE.'

This makes *us* 'all of a shiver.' - - - '*Wolfert's Roost*' is the title of a new work by our beloved and honored American author, WASHINGTON IRVING, a name renowned throughout the civilized world. PUTNAM, the liberal and popular publisher, has produced the volume in his usual excellent style. Its contents consist entirely of '*The Crayon Papers*,' all of which were written for, and published in, the KNICKERBOCKER; *not* in 'various periodicals,' as the '*Tribune*' states, for Mr. IRVING has never been a contributor to any American periodical save our own. Small need is there to say a word in praise of this new 'Sketch-Book' of GEOFFREY CRAYON. It will be read by thousands upon thousands, and every reader

will be an advertisement of its excellence. What a style is his! How quiet and rich his humor, how life-like his descriptions, how touching and tender his pathos! His equal has never existed since GOLDSMITH. We confess to a reverence for his great genius; while to know *the man* is only to add to the feeling with which you regard the author. It has been our good fortune to be a frequent and cordially-welcomed guest at 'Wolfert's Roost'; to walk through its grounds with its entertaining and instructive proprietor; to ride through the wizard region of Sleepy Hollow with its historian; to see the bobolink 'rising and sinking with the breeze' from a mullen-top in the meadow; to see the squirrel scampering along the fence, waving his tail over his back like a flag, in token of welcome; to sleep in the ghost-room of the Roost, haunted by the spirit of the poor lady who 'died of love and green apples'; and the memory of these things we cherish with a miser's care. Before us hangs a faithful picture in oil of Wolfert's Roost, by HARVEY, who 'bettered' it into 'Sunnyside,' which itself stands in a direct line opposite to us, across the Tappaan-Zee. Long may its proprietor, whom we are proud and happy to call our friend, render it a 'Mecca of the mind!' - - - A SUNDAY journal, a week or two ago, speaking of the performances of some new actor, whose name has escaped us, says: 'His motions and his voice reminded us of the immortal SHALES.' We never hear this name mentioned without bursting into an involuntary laugh. Boston is fond of jokes, but this was one of the very richest ever concocted in that city. SHALES was a half-witted, ungainly cub, with a tolerably good memory for the acquisition of his 'parts,' and he was persuaded by some wags to go upon the stage. ICHABOD CRANE was a Count D'ORSAY in comparison with his figure. His legs were long and crooked, his gait *indescribable*: he had a retreating forehead and chin, and the most meaningless, lack-lustre eyes we ever saw, on the stage or off it. He was the butt of Boston for nearly two weeks, filling the Tremont Theatre, by his personation of the crook-backed 'RICHARD the Third,' to repletion, night after night. Never was such obstreperous laughter and applause ever heard within its walls! There was a wreath thrown to him one night from the gallery that would have been a treasure to a green-grocer. It was made upon a hay-band, wound round a stiff hoop, about three feet in diameter, and was composed of large cabbages, white and red, long parsnips, carrots, turnips, mammoth potatoes, and red peppers — all very handsomely contrasted. If the wreath had hit him, it would have crushed him to the stage! We saw it afterward, when the great actor came to fulfil a New-York engagement, in the office of the Astor-House; and it was a most effective advertisement for him. Before coming hither, he took 'a benefit' in Boston. The house was crowded in every part. A 'service of plate,' (made of sheet-iron,) was to be presented to him, after the performances, by a committee, of which Colonel GREENE, of the Boston '*Morning Post*,' was chairman, and who was to make the presentation in the uniform of an old continentaller; but he backed out, and a substitute was obtained. SHALES stood in the middle of the stage, not far from the foot-lights, holding at arms'-length the 'massive service,' bowing, and trying to *look* his gratitude, when down from above came five or six paper-bags, full of flour, which covered him all over, leaving him 'as white

as a miller!' But there he stood, bowing until the curtain fell. One terribly stormy night in March, we walked a mile to hear SHALES play RICHARD, at the National Theatre. *Such* a performance! Pen cannot depict it! His stage-walk! — who that ever saw it can ever forget it? Such gestures, such solemn gestures, of limbs and features, except in a monkey, we never saw before. He was encored in the death-fight with RICHMOND six times, until tired nature could hold out no longer. He was killed in a different position every time, and 'died all over the stage!' What a death-gurgle was his! Oh! it was *too* rich! We laughed until we were too hoarse to make laughter vocal; and one old theatre-goer and good theatrical critic in the pit, who was nearer to the 'workings' of that matchless face, actually fell from his seat in a spasm of cachinnation. 'Immortal SHALES!' 'Yes, indeed:' we would go farther this night to see his comical tragedy, than any live comedian we ever saw, except 'poor POWER,' or HARRY PLACIDE. He was literally 'himself alone' — *the* SHALES! - - - JUDGE HERMAN KNICKERBOCKER recently departed this life at Schaghticoke, aged seventy-five years. He was the second son of JOHN KNICKERBOCKER, of Schaghticoke, and grand-son of Colonel JOHN KNICKERBOCKER, of the French and Revolutionary wars. He commenced the study and practice of the law at an early age, and immediately took a prominent position, not only in his profession, but as a politician, for which he was well suited. Being a man of decided views, great wealth, and strong personal influence, he was soon chosen to fill important offices, and when less than thirty years of age, was elected to Congress during President MADISON'S administration. He was subsequently Judge of the County of Rensselaer, until the infirmities of age forced him to retire from public life. In social life he was preëminently distinguished. With manners of unaffected dignity and suavity, dispensing the most genial hospitality, and 'full of humor as he could hold,' he was the honored favorite of all who knew him. We have often heard Mr. WASHINGTON IRVING speak of him with the utmost respect. He was the historian DEIDRICH'S brother, the congressman, who 'received his numerous friends with open arms, and treated them with wonderful loving-kindness.' Mr. KNICKERBOCKER called last summer, when he was in town and we were out, to see us, 'and have a chat with his name-sake,' whose Magazine he had read for so many years. Greatly did we regret our absence, for we had often thought of visiting Schaghticoke expressly to meet him. He left with the publisher, for our examination, daguerreotypes from two pictures of his father and mother — noble specimens of a noble race. 'With Mr. KNICKERBOCKER,' says a Troy contemporary, 'has passed away nearly the last representative of his class, the old Dutch gentleman, whose memory, long after their places shall have been filled, and their language remembered no more, will live green among the lovers of hospitality and humor.' - - - Is it not a solemn thing to awake out of sleep in the morning-watch, and see, far up in the cold, deep winter sky, the pure stars burning on and on for ever! They have a new signification to us, since we saw some of the planets, in a bright mid-day, at the Observatory at Washington, sailing along the 'fields' of the Great Telescope. Of how little worth seem the ambitions, the struggles of 'this our

mortal life,' as we look at the ever-burning orbs of night! How come back upon us the memories of the loved and lost! How *deep* is our consciousness of the might of that POWER who alone 'spreadeth out the Heavens!' Who can look out at the morning-stars in a clear winter sky and not feel his littleness, his utter dependence upon the goodness of the CREATOR, who, amidst his magnificent creations cares for a poor humble life? Call it a '*sentiment* of religion,' if indeed it be merely such; but something akin to a deep religious *feeling* must be the companion of such thoughts. Sorrow for past misdeeds and neglect of opportunities for good, will reach the heart at such a time; and you will exclaim, in the verse quoted in our last:

'TEACH me, Almighty FATHER, how to die;
Give me the *pass-word* to eternity;
Wherein I have offended, oh! forgive!
While yet I'm *living*, teach me *how* to live!

In the words of good Saint ANSELM, it is in your heart to say, 'REDEEMER of the world — THOU who hast called me into being — suffer not THY work to perish. THOU who hast redeemed me, save me from condemnation. Look upon what is THINE in me — take away what is only from myself. Receive me into the arms of THY compassion. They are wide enough to embrace even me. Mercy, O LORD! mercy for me, before THOU comest to judgment!' - - - We heard a western village (or city, we forget which, 'at this present writing,) on the Mississippi, praised very highly by a friend the other evening, for the singular objects of curiosity which the town and its environs contained. 'I saw,' said he, 'the tree on which six gamblers were hung at one and the same time. There was a 'hard set' out looking at the tree when I reached it. It was covered, lower limbs and all, with hand-bills. One was of a cock-fight, which was to take place that night; another of a 'bull-dog match,' that afternoon; and a third of a 'sparring-mill,' that was to come off between two professors of the 'manly art of self-defence,' on the following *Sunday*! I noticed at the tavern, where I 'put up,' a glass-jar on a shelf over the fire-place, which contained what I took, at the first glance, to be a couple of pieces of preserved lemon or orange-peel. 'What is that in that jar, landlord?' I asked. 'A couple of *ears* that were cut off in this very room, by two cowardly rascals, more than a year ago; and there they shall stay till the scoundrels *see* 'em. They can't disguise themselves so that I would n't know 'em, if they was ever to come in here and once *look* at them 'ere ears!' This was some years ago,' added our friend, 'and I am glad to hear that the place has now become a peaceful and orderly town. It *needed* to be, badly enough.' - - - We have traversed the noble Hudson, along the line of the Palisades, 'many a time and oft:' in the summer, when they wore their leafy crown; in the autumn, when broken rainbows were scattered along their giant sides; in *early* winter, before ice-time, when their cold blue barrier was reflected in water as cold, and blue, and still; but for *mingled beauty and sublimity*, we never saw any thing to compare with what we witnessed the other night, coming up in the '*New-Haven*' Erie Rail road steamer, to whose 'performances' we have heretofore briefly adverted. When we arrived off Fort-Lee, we 'hugged' the western

shore for the only channel that could be found; and as we steamed on, even *that* soon ceased. Still on we went. Eastward and to the north the ice-field was unbroken. The moon, hanging right over the tops of the Palisades, at their highest point, shone with an unwonted brightness upon the far-stretching, snow-covered ice of the river; flashing back from the icicles on their gray walls the light of a thousand diamonds. It was grand! But more sublime than all was *one* effect, which elicited the 'enthusiastic applause' of all who saw it. As the powerful steamer, with her barges 'on a hawser' behind her, mounted the wide white ice-field before her, with a crashing, grinding noise, that 'must be *heard*, to be appreciated,' the ice would part into long zig-zag cracks, for a quarter of a mile ahead. It was *instantaneous black lightning* in that clear moon-light! The river underneath the snow-covered sheet was still and smooth as glass, and blacker than a black cat in a dark cellar, *seen* by a blind nigger, on a dark night! The flashes from the water

——— 'dispensed a ray
Of darkness like the light of DAY
And MARTIN over all!'

The stars that it reflected, as the *crevasse* widened, looked like gems upon the black velvet robe of NIGHT! Above all, high sailed the clear cold moon, and towered the lofty Palisades. But 'it's no use talking:' we couldn't describe it in a twelve-month. - - - In a review in a late number of '*The Churchman*' — whose fair type, white paper, and beautiful head, it is always a pleasure to *see*, to say nothing of the pleasure and instruction afforded by its perusal — the following anecdote is quoted of 'the Senior RYLAND,' a distinguished dissenting clergyman of a former time in England:

'He took his place on Tuesday evening at Surrey Chapel, and preached a most striking sermon from DANIEL'S words to BELSHAZZAR: 'But the God in whose hands thy breath is, and whose are all thy ways, hast thou not glorified.' After an introduction, giving some account of BELSHAZZAR, he impatiently and abruptly broke off by saying: 'But you cannot suppose that I am going to preach a whole sermon on such a d—d rascal as this;' and then stated that he should bring home the charge in the text against every individual in the place, in *four* grand instances.'

The reviewer remarks upon this: 'A similar piece of profanity has been related of a bold and popular clergyman of our own country.' This allusion is doubtless to the Rev. HENRY WARD BEECHER, who is *alleged* to have entered his pulpit one very hot Sunday morning, and taking out his white handkerchief, and wiping his forehead, exclaimed, 'It is d—d hot!' which he repeated, adding: 'Such were the profane words which I heard uttered this morning in the very vestibule of this church, sacred to the worship of the MOST HIGH!' and which he proceeded to denounce. We say this language has been *attributed* to Mr. BEECHER, but we don't believe he ever uttered it, or any thing like it; and yet we have been authoritatively told, and hundreds doubtless believe it, that he *did* make use of this language. Of the English 'specimen,' '*The Churchman*' says: 'It is not to be justified; but JAY would not have recorded it, if with ROBERT HALL he had not a sincere respect for the preacher's character, notwithstanding his *outré* utterances. Even grim JOHN NEWTON, it appears, was not averse to these diver-

ions.' Bad 'pulpit-exercises,' *we* think. - - - We observe in an Irish journal a very coarse denunciation of what struck us as a refreshing incident in the war in the Crimea. It seems that Lord DUNKELLIN, a son of Lord CLANRICARDE, a young lieutenant in the British army, was taken prisoner by the Russians, courteously and kindly treated by Prince DOLGOROUKI, the Russian Minister of War, and subsequently, at the PRINCE's instance, liberated by order of the EMPEROR. Lord CLANRICARDE and his son Lord DUNKELLIN in two well-expressed letters conveyed their thanks for the kindness they had received, and for this are denounced in the Irish journal to which we have alluded, as 'toadies' and 'hounds.' There is a smack of anti-Saxon in these 'parlous words' of the Celtic editor. Some of our readers will remember a circumstance connected with Prince DOLGOROUKI, recorded at the time in these pages. He was residing at that period, in an official capacity, at Constantinople, where he was highly esteemed for his urbanity, fine literary accomplishments, and goodness of heart. We had the pleasure to forward him, at his earnest desire, through our friend and correspondent, Mr. BROWN, the American dragoon at the Porte, letters from 'the great and good WASHINGTON,' (an admirable letter, in perfect preservation, written by the PATER PATRIE to Major TALLMADGE, father of our friend, Recorder TALLMADGE,) and another from 'that illustrious American author, COOPER, the great novelist.' Mr. COOPER wrote directly to the PRINCE, mentioning the high regard he entertained for members of his family, whom he had the pleasure to know when in Paris, among them, if we remember rightly, the Princess GALITZIN. Mr. COOPER furnished us with a copy of his letter to the PRINCE, which, with WASHINGTON's letter, and we believe the PRINCE's reply to Mr. COOPER, appeared in the KNICKERBOCKER. It is not to be doubted that Prince DOLGOROUKI was a warm friend to America and Americans. This he very frequently manifested. - - - 'NEVER hire a house,' says the '*Daily Times*,' 'next to your landlord, or on the same block.' The editor thinks it would revive the 'inquisition' — into your domestic house-keeping. Pshaw! we lived next door to our last landlord for eight years, and the most unkind thing he ever did to us in the world was to send us half his ducks every time he went off for a week for 'red-heads' and 'cavass-backs.' But who ever knew a true sportsman who was n't 'the right kind of a man?' ECHO, (not hearing the question exactly,) answers, 'Nobody.' - - - We learn that JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, an accomplished scholar, and eminently distinguished as a poet and humorous satirist, has received the appointment of Professor of Modern Languages and Belles-Lettres at Harvard University, in place of Professor LONGFELLOW, who some months since resigned the office which he had so ably filled. A worthy successor to an 'illustrious predecessor.' - - - We cannot help presenting — for we have just been witnessing its almost exact counterpart — BRYAN's '*Snow Shower*' in these pages. There was a very natural delicacy on the part of the Committee of the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*' in relation to noticing the contents of the work at all in a Magazine for whose Error the noble '*Testimonial*' was devised and perfected: a sound decision, and characteristic of the disinterestedness and good taste which marked the incep-

tion and progress of the work, under their sole and entire direction, from first to last. But to-day, over the whole breadth of the Tappaan-Zee, a wide, silent sheet of water, more like a lake than a river, and without drift-ice at the time, there spread a canopy of dark-opaque clouds, without wind, the air until then having been delightfully mild for the season: presently, (by 'parity of similitude,') like a fever-patient suddenly bursting into a healthful perspiration, 'frosty NATURE' gave way to a burst of snow-tears. How softly, how beautifully they fell, in thick, feathery flakes, on all that broad expanse! In a little while the 'snow-shower' gradually ceased; the watery-looking cloud began to sweep onward over Long-Island Sound; the 'Hook-Mountain' dominating over Haverstraw Bay, 'terrible in shadow,' rose grim-blue on the north; while afar on the hills that rise beyond the mouth of the Croton, 'a sun-beam fell from the opening skies,' and, broadening on the landscape for a little, suddenly contracted to a focus, in which shone like a gem the bright and hospitable 'Manor House' of that ilk, toward which we sent a blessing on a day-beam of purest light:

The Snow Shower.

BY WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

STAND here by my side and turn, I pray,
On the lake below thy gentle eyes:
The clouds hang over it, heavy and gray,
And dark and silent the water lies;
And out of that frozen mist the snow
In wavering flakes begins to flow;
Flake after flake,
They sink in the dark and silent lake.

See how in a living swarm they come
From the chambers beyond that misty veil.
Some hover awhile in air, and some
Rush prone from the sky like summer hail.
All, dropping swiftly or settling slow,
Meet and are still in the depth below;
Flake after flake,
Dissolved in the dark and silent lake.

Here delicate snow-stars, out of the cloud
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all;
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake.

And some, as on tender wings they glide
From their chilly birth-cloud, dim and gray,
Are joined in their fall, and, side by side,
Come clinging along their unsteady way;
As friend with friend, or husband with wife
Makes hand in hand the passage of life:
Each mated flake
Soon sinks in the dark and silent lake.

Lo! while we are gazing, in swifter haste
Stream down the snows, till the air is white,
As, myriads by myriads madly chased,
They fling themselves from their shadowy height.

The fair frail creatures of middle sky,
 What speed they make with their grave so nigh;
 Flake after flake,
 To lie in the dark and silent lake!

I see in thy gentle eyes a tear;
 They turn to me in sorrowful thought;
 Thou thinkest of friends, the good and dear,
 Who were for a time and now are not;
 Like these fair children of cloud and frost,
 They glisten a moment, and then are lost,
 Flake after flake,
 All lost in the dark and silent lake.

Yet look again, for the clouds divide;
 A gleam of blue on the water lies;
 And far away, on the mountain side,
 A sunbeam falls from the opening skies.
 But the hurrying host that flew between
 The cloud and the water no more is seen;
 Flake after flake,
 At rest in the dark and silent lake.

It is not alone the faithful and beautiful picture of nature that is here presented which will win the admiration of the reader: the great moral lesson which it imparts, of the passing away of this frail and fleeting life, is a preëminent feature. - - - We saw, with deep regret, that JOHN W. FRANCIS, JR., the eldest son of our eminent and venerable fellow-citizen, Dr. JOHN W. FRANCIS, died on the twentieth of January, of typhus fever, the result of extreme devotion to medical studies and attendance upon the poor. He was a youth of rare promise and great accomplishments. His funeral services took place at St. THOMAS' Church, where a very large and distinguished assemblage was present. The prayers were read in a most impressive manner by the Rev. Dr. HAWKS, an old personal friend of the family, an appropriate hymn was sung, after which the remains were deposited in a tomb on the eastern slope of Greenwood Cemetery. We clipped from '*The Tribune*' a very feeling and beautiful elegiac tribute to the lamented deceased, by H. T. TUCKERMAN, Esq., for insertion in the KNICKERBOCKER, but our 'deferred matter,' with an enlarged correspondence, excludes it from our pages.

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 'DR. FRED. BROWN sent me a fish —
 Big one — when boiled, excellent dish.'

So sings our friend COZZENS, from Number Eighty-five Chambers-street, over a magnificent BASS sent him, and of which we had a goodly piece; as toothsome and satisfying to a carnal palate as may well be imagined. The DOCTOR paid us a visit a week since, and we had a hearty shake of his good right piscatorial hand. Well do we remember, in one of our two earthly visits to Boston, his saloon of pharmacy at the corner of State (the Boston 'Wall-street') and Washington, (the Boston 'Broadway.') There cool ice-water bubbles up from the stone soda-fountain momentarily, and the refreshing drink inspires one like a draught from the mystic spring of EGERIA, and there also the wits and earned men of Boston 'most do congregate.' There also you will see, with a face of imperturbable good nature, our friend WITHERINGTON, (otherwise our 'G. W. W.') Long may they wave — all of them!

A GRACEFUL and fanciful little conceit is '*Cupid in the North*,' which we receive from an ever-welcome correspondent in Quebec, who accompanies it with a very pretty illustration of the subject of his verse :



'OVER boundless plains of snow,
Frozen stream and icy lake,
Wingless, and without his bow,
Where does Love his swift way take?
Where, oh! where does Cupid go,
Wingless, and without his bow?

'Maiden, I have lost my wings,
And my bow is all ualent;
Joy to me no floweret brings
All the weary time of Lent;
And I'm hastening to the shrine
Of the good Saint VALENTINE.

'Speeding on my snow-shoes light,
Soon I'll find my foot-steps there,
And the Saint, from morn till night,
Bold I'll ply with urgent prayer:
Change, oh! change your festal day
To the first of flowery May!

This was too late for 'Lovers'-Day.' - - - We heard from a friend this evening a bit of 'consolation' tendered to a culprit who had been found guilty of the highest crime known to the law, which struck us as about the most impotent and indefinite that could well be offered him. He had just been convicted of wilful murder; and when asked if he had any thing to advance against his immediate sentence to death, he burst into a flood of tears, and in incoherent, agonizing words, besought the mercy of the court. The sympathy of all present, including the court, was excited by his anguish; but he was sentenced to be hanged, notwithstanding, at an early day named. While he was exhibiting a perfect paroxysm of grief, his counsel also began to weep; and putting his hand on his shoulder, said: 'Bear up, my dear

fellow, bear up! They've sentenced you to be hung, to be sure, and you 'll be hung, without doubt; but *it will be the worst day they ever saw!*' How the counsel arrived at this inference, or what there was in it especially cheering to the prisoner, did n't exactly appear, to the satisfaction of our friend; but vague as it was, it dried the murderer's tears, and he was removed to his cell in a comparatively calm state! - - - ALL the matter for the KNICKERBOCKER is in the printer's hands by the twelfth of every month. Each number is stereotyped; and so great is the accession to our subscription-list, (more than fifteen hundred names having been added since our last,) that we have been obliged to reprint both our January and February numbers. By a mistake in page-counting, our '*Record of New Publications*,' in type, must be omitted until our next. The list is as follows: 'Art, Scenery, and Philosophy in Europe, by the late HORACE BINNEY WALLACE;' GILFILLAN's Third Gallery of Portraits; GREELEY's 'Whig Almanac;' 'Censoria Lictoria, or What I think of You;' 'FANNY GRAY,' for children; Complete Poetical Works of WORDSWORTH, COLLINS, GRAY, GOLDSMITH, and KEATS; WIKOFF's Courtship, and its Consequences; 'The Albion' Weekly Journal, and its superb Engraving of Niagara; 'The Musical Gazette;' CORNELL's Improved Geography; 'Southern Literary Messenger;' ABBOTT's Life of NAPOLEON; 'Maxims of WASHINGTON;' 'Jerusalem and its Vicinity;' 'Life and Beauties of FANNY FERN;' (see advertisement of the same in the present number;) Thirtieth Annual Report of the House of Refuge; Lecture by J. HOWARD WAINWRIGHT, Esq.; Professor BARNARD's Report on Collegiate Education; Virginia 'Medical and Surgical Journal,' etc. - - - A CONNECTICUT 'sufferer,' 'whose name shall be nameless,' thus advertises his runaway-wife:

'JULIA, my wife, has grown quite rude,
 She has left me in a lonesome mood:
 She has left my board,
 She has took my bed,
 She has gave away my meat and bread;
 She has left me in spite of friends and church;
 She has carried with her all my shirts!
 Now, ye who read this paper,
 Since she cut this reckless caper,
 I will not pay one single fraction
 For any debts of her contraction.'

That's right: stand on your dignity, till she sends you back at least *one* shirt. This is no weather for such tantrums. - - - THE following is one of our 'omissions' from the last 'Gossip': but it is not too late even now to be acceptable to our readers. In reference to the first stanza quoted, our Boston friend, from whom we derive the poem, says, (*inter nos*;) 'Heterodox for *these* days, but keenly suggestive in *those* days, of New-Year's Eve and its concomitant bowl of punch: none of your 'New-England,' but 'golden Jamaica.' Glasgow, especially, 'long time ago,' (I know not how it may be now — 'reformed' and improved, I dare say,) was famed for its rum-punch. The poet sung in the family and social circle, in genial yet not unthoughtful mood.' But hear him, 'introductorily': 'Thirty years ago, 'DELTA,' in BLACKWOOD, poured forth the verses which ensue. Are they not, in their apostrophe to the 'loved and lost,' singularly appropriate to this year of our

LORA. '54, this *annus mirabilis* of disasters and war? And how many there be who may read them only with glistening eyes and beating hearts

'FAIR thee well! thou (Twenty) Fifty-four!
The latest of thy days are come.
Fair water in the china pour,
And add the golden rum:
Nor wanting be the fragrant lime,
Nor snow-white lumps of sugar clear;
So, as we triumph o'er Time,
We'll hail the coming year!

'But where are they, the loved, the lost?
Oh! where are they, the young, the glad?
On life's rude ocean tempest-tossed,
Or in the church-yard bed!
Closed are the eyes that sparkled bright:
The hearts are stilled in silence drear
That might have throbbed with ours to-night,
To hail the coming year!

'Alas! alas! why should we mourn
O'er mellow pleasures that have been?
Could sorrowing bid the past return,
Or bring the vanished scene;
Could sighs restore whom we deplore,
The foreign far should now be here:
Their voices join with thine and mine,
To hail the coming year.

Then far from us scowl sullen Care,
And as the stars more brilliant seem,
When frost is in the moonless air,
And ice upon the stream,
So let us cope, with buoyant hope,
Yea, brave all ills with dauntless cheer,
And trust to meet in friendship sweet
For many a coming year!

Our correspondent will accept our thanks for his favor. - - - To our correspondent 'C. B.,' who asks of the Editor, in a happily-expressed note, for some of the manuscript-leaves of the '*Knickerbocker Gallery*,' we reply, that they are all in the hands of the Chairman of the Committee, who is to have them bound in a volume for preservation in his splendid library; all but *one*, which we claim as an 'heir-loom' — HALLECK's beautiful 'Poetical Epistle' to the writer hereof. Not a line, in verse or prose, contained in the 'Gallery,' did we see until it was in print. A second edition of the work, as may be seen by a reference to a page of the cover of the present number, is now passing through the press. - - - Is our old friend 'the BRIGADIER' aware that '*A Dutch Paradise*,' quoted in a late '*Home Journal*' as from the London '*Court Journal*,' was written by WASHINGTON IRVING for the KNICKERBOCKER? Fact, 'ROYAL GEORGE'; and so please state. GEOFFREY CRAYON is not improved, even by 'Court' favor. - - - 'LOTS' of Gossipry in type, which must 'lie over' until our next number. The subjoined are among the 'items': 'MAX MIDDLETON'S Story'; 'PEASANT BARN'S Epistle'; 'Good Bits' from 'MEISTER KARL' and 'N. B.'; 'LEILA'S Letter to her Mother from the Georgia Mountains'; Gossip from ALTON, (ILL.); A Colored Art-Critic at Savannah; Two Legal and Clerical 'Bits' from 'Down-East'; Anecdote of 'Old Gen. G. H. S.'; 'Juvenile Gossip'; 'Owl-Club' at Erie, etc.